The SPHERE

Vol. CXXIII. No. 1604 OCT. 18, 1930. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

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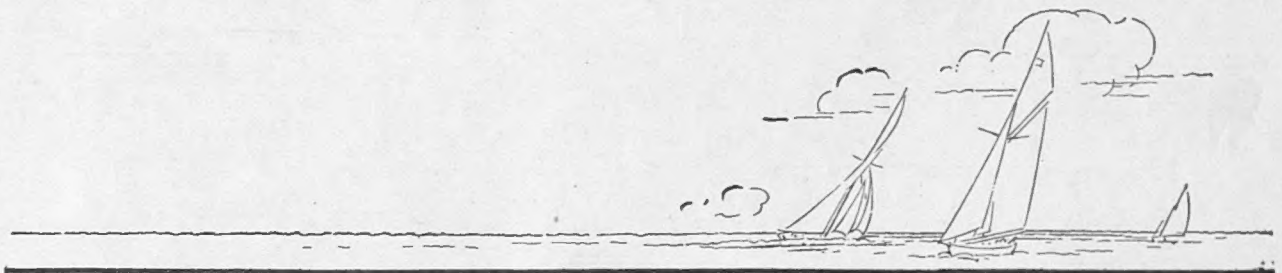

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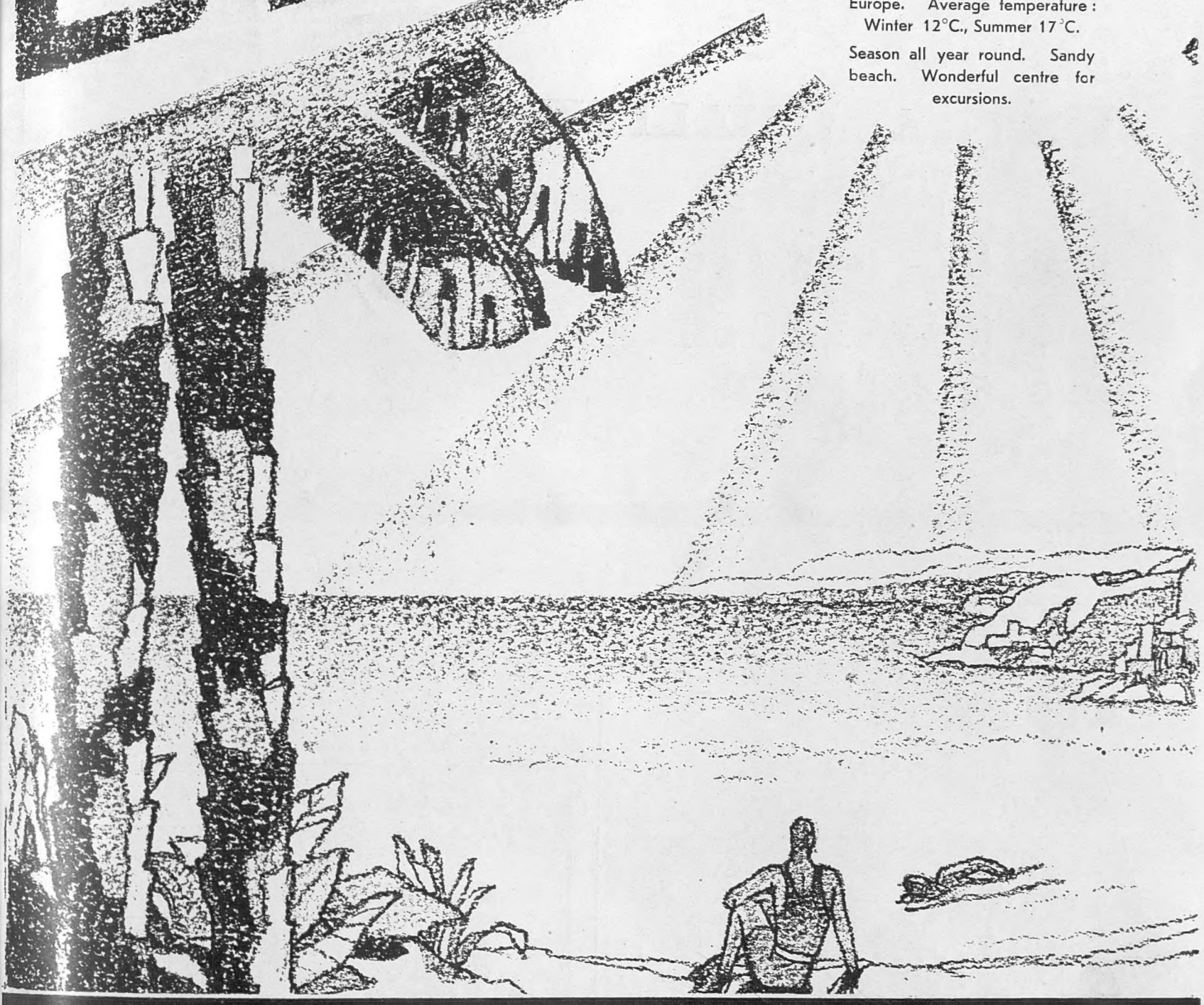

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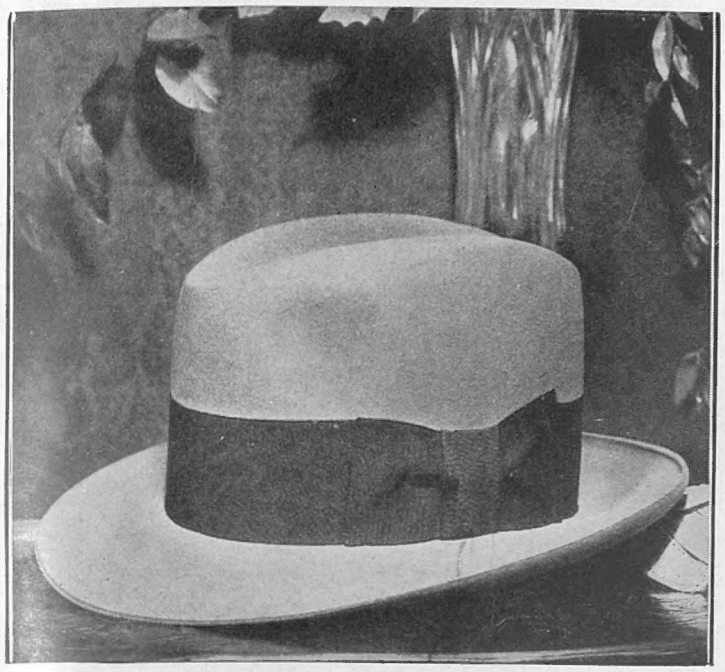

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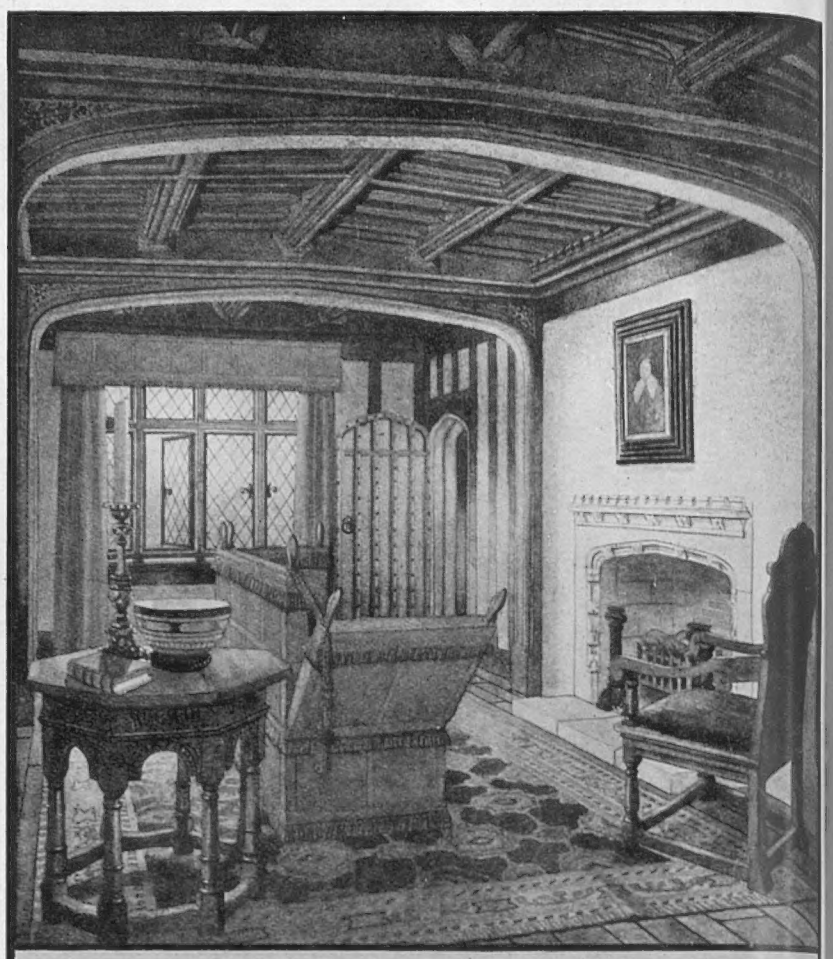

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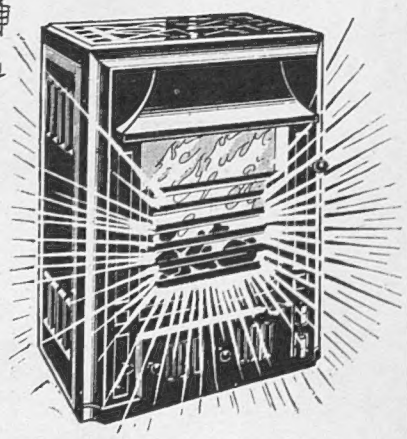

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## THE SMILING DUCHESS

### With Her Mother, THE COUNTESS of STRATHMORE

**The first picture of the Duchess since her visit to Scotland**

The first picture of the Duchess of York to be taken since her arrival at Glamis in July shows her with her mother, the Countess of Strathmore, at the studio in Perth of Mr. P. Ramsay, the portrait artist, who has been commissioned to paint the Princess Elizabeth. The Duchess and Lady Strathmore expressed their pleasure at the artist's treatment of "The Empire's Darling," whose little sister, Princess Margaret Rose (the name unites both Scottish and English history), will be christened on the King's return from Sandringham.

# A London Newsletter

INVERESK HOUSE, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, October 15, 1930.

**"Per Ardua Ad Astra."**—In a common grave at Cardington, three or four miles south-east of Bedford, we have buried the best part of our store of experience and knowledge of airship design and navigation. Half-a-hundred splendid men, in the prime of manhood, drawn from every rank and walk in life, but united in a common purpose, lie there. Their bodies were unrecognizable in death, their names are written on the fair page of history, and some of them will be remembered centuries hence, when the memory of men of perhaps greater achievement who survive them is blotted out. Thus is Mr. Huskisson remembered, not for his public services but for the manner of his death, a victim of a great scientific experiment. Thus is the Tay Bridge remembered, not for its durability, its length, its services, but for its first disastrous failure. It is disaster and failure that most deeply impress themselves on memory, and rightly so, for it is only through these that success and knowledge are attained. Between Cardington and Bedford, one famous building stands to dispute with the great Cardington hangars the interest of tourists. It is John Bunyan's cottage. And both these buildings, the little old cottage and the great new shed, serve to remind us of the way of all our pilgrimages to the heights of achievement. It lies through the Slough of Despond and the Valley of Death.

PROCESSING ON HIS BIRTHDAY: Mr. Justice Eve who was seventy-four on Monday, when he marched with the Judges to the Law Courts on their reopening

**The Famous Second Session.**—Let us consider the outstanding event of the famous second session of the third Imperial Conference—and then gasp our astonishment at the futility of home politics. The great Dominions, one and all, following Mr. Bennett, have unanimously and clearly plumped for the policy of reciprocal preference. As for Empire Free Trade they have made it clear that it lies outside the boundaries of practical Empire politics. You and I, the men in the street, were in no doubt of this truth a year ago. But we are entirely justified in believing that it comes as a bombshell, not only to Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere, but to Mr. Baldwin. Acts and decisions, even if painfully wrung from public men, must speak for themselves. Mr. Baldwin (we may fairly say) did not realize as clearly as the man in the street a blazing and obvious truth. As for the Government, we may speculate as to the reason why Mr. Thomas, as spokesman, offered no hint of the British Government's solution of the Empire's fiscal problems. Perhaps, as he explains, he courteously left it to Mr. Bennett. Perhaps he was instructed to say nothing relevant to an embarrassing and utterly unpalatable proposal which was known to be imminent. This much is certain. What the Dominions announced last week was their irrevocable opinion a year ago, and as such it was open to English politicians to discover the truth a year ago. The Government must surely have known it when they watched the Conservative party splitting like rotten ice under the weight of the Crusade. But what about Lord Beaverbrook and indeed Mr. Baldwin? What about that ocean of ink that has been spilt?

**Mr. Baldwin's Leadership.** — One thought strikes me as I observe in the columns of *The Times* the Conservative Party wrangling very politely and tactfully over the dumb corpse of Mr. Baldwin, nervously assuring themselves that "it is a very healthy ventilation" of an important question—What does Mr. Baldwin himself think about it? Personally I subscribe to all the nice things Sir Frank Meyer has said about Mr. Baldwin's effort to raise the tone of public life. (I only regret that it has signally failed.) But when Sir Frank makes concrete proposals for a referendum to discover Conservative opinion on Mr. Baldwin's worthiness for leadership, I begin to wonder whether Mr. Baldwin will not soon wake up and take notice. For myself I am by no means so sure that Mr. Baldwin is wedded to power to such an extent that he will at this late stage submit to *candidature for leadership* among several nominees. On the contrary, I believe Mr. Baldwin is anxious to leave the muddy scrum which he detests, and is only deterred from doing so by patriotic motives. He, too, believes that only an early return to power of the Conservatives can save us from ruin, and believing this he dare not retire until he has assured the party a worthy successor. I fancy his choice is Lord Hailsham—he has come round to the idea that a premier in the Upper House may, after all, be no bad thing—and once he has carried Lord Hailsham to the steps of the Conservative throne, he will cheerfully vacate that troublous seat and lose himself in the orchards of Worcestershire. That would shock many of his followers.

**L.P. Conference.**—At the Labour Party Conference at Llandudno the first definite signs were observed that the Labour Government had begun to realize the appalling consequences of the present system of doles and the necessity for identifying itself with a desire to reform it systematically and without wicked delay. Miss Lawrence, as Government spokesman, used Miss Bondfield's favourite argument that this ill-advised, this purblind, extravagance had saved the country from a bloody revolution. Hunger cannot wait, she wisely observed. Throwing a lifebuoy to a drowning man must have precedence of building a bridge. But, we ask, if that lifebuoy has cost the country during the present Government's reign £122,000,000 in schemes for providing employment alone, what will be the cost to the nation until the bridge is declared open, whose plans are not yet roughly sketched out? Other business of note done in the earlier sessions of the Conference was a promise extracted by Mr. Bevin from Mr. Henderson that the repeal of the Trades Disputes Act of 1927 would be assured before Christmas. It appears that there is no problem of more pressing urgency before Mr. MacDonald's Government than the undoing of this mischief of Mr. Baldwin!

**South America and Politics.**—The whole world is seething with revolt against incompetent and extravagant Government. Even in South America, where revolutions follow each other in such quick succession that one is inclined to suspect that innocent persons are being sacrificed to make cinema films, this world reaction is a serious factor in the widespread unrest which has crippled industry in Argentina, Bolivia, Peru, Chili, and Brazil. Indeed for the inauguration by the Prince of Wales last week of the Spanish-American Institute of London, a less propitious date could not easily have been chosen. At the moment the importance of our trade with South America is "potential" rather than "present," while the chief countries concerned are in a state of profound disquiet and financial panic. As at present arranged, the Prince is to open in Buenos Aires next year the first great British Empire Trade Exhibition ever held abroad. Such exhibitions demand long and meticulous preparation and much valuable time has already been lost. The world over the industrialist, who is the principal taxpayer, groans under an intolerable burden, and naturally blames it on the politician. And if he will not stand, like a patient ox, under the weight of his yoke, he must kick out, and over goes the apple-cart. Industry is the first to suffer from political upheavals caused by the unjust treatment meted out to her by extravagant Governments. A vicious circle which is likely to spin across the world.

**The Rhodes Trust.**—The new Oxford Secretary to the Rhodes Trust, in succession to Sir Francis Wylie, is Mr. C. K. Allen of University College. It is a surprise appointment but doubtless a very sound one. Mr. Allen has a fine War and Law record and, better still, matriculated at an Australian University. The most important work of the Oxford secretary is social. Indeed as much depends on a secretary's wife as on the secretary. He is expected to keep in close and sympathetic touch with the private lives of every overseas undergraduate elected under the scheme, to entertain them and to introduce them to as many interesting figures in English public life as possible. The secretary's house at Oxford must in term time be a centre of a carefully planned hospitality. Lord Lothian's definite and sudden return to public life implies another change in the Rhodes Trust personnel. As Mr. Philip Kerr he acted as London Secretary of the Trust since 1925 and undoubtedly that appointment also is of too much importance to be held by a busy public servant. From now on Lord Lothian will find the work of preparation for the Round Table Conference a whole-time job. The Conservative and Liberal nominees for this Conference are drawn 50 per cent. from the higher ranks of the peerage. None the less, or *a fortiori*, they appear to be a pretty good combination of (a) experience of the subject on hand, or (b) sound common sense and breadth of view.

**National Opera.** — As ever, Sir Thomas Beecham treats his long-suffering supporters with the high hand. We are Englishmen of taste just so long as we do as he tells us. Three years ago his Imperial League was formed with a very clearly explained ideal before it. His recent circular asked us to believe that that ideal is satisfied by the expedient of pooling its resources with those of the Covent Garden Opera Syndicate. No supporter of the League could possibly agree in that view. There is nothing ideal about the bill of fare which in recent years has been served out at Covent Garden. It could be no satisfaction to me to feel that I was assuring its continuance. I do not want to afford opportunities to cosmopolitan stars to give their famous firework displays at high salaries in second-rate Italian operas of which I am weary to death. And now it seems Sir Thomas's circular has been definitely contradicted by the secretary, bringing greater darkness than ever before. I would gladly pay more than I can afford to assist British artists without consideration of their merits. And I would double that rash subscription if I might have a say in the programmes. But I will not spend a shilling to perpetuate Puccini and Verdi, while Beethoven's great opera is performed at Covent Garden about twice in a decade. Right, says the secretary. We won't ask you to do that. We will pool our resources with the syndicate, and in return you shall have no say and secure no privileges in connection with the Covent Garden International summer season. And that is the very evil we all wish to reform.

**The Dollar Novel.**—A bombshell in the literary world had been promised in whispers for some weeks. It has now been exploded by Messrs. Victor Gollancz. England is following America's lead with a 3s. novel. They will bring out new works in paper covers at this price. The plan is experimental of course. It is born of trade depression. Since the slump the sale of works of fiction (other than by proved authors) has sadly fallen off. It is obvious that success will depend on the merit of the printed words within the paper covers, and perhaps a little on the nature of the print. One buys Tauchnitz as much for the lovely print as for the matter. Certain I am that I shall be no more disposed to spend 3s. on a shoddy novel than 7s. 6d. The loss of 7s. 6d. is not the only check to my buying of books. I am concerned as well with storage space. I buy perhaps ten novels a year, and when I buy I buy for keeps, and then I do not care if I spend three shillings or ten.

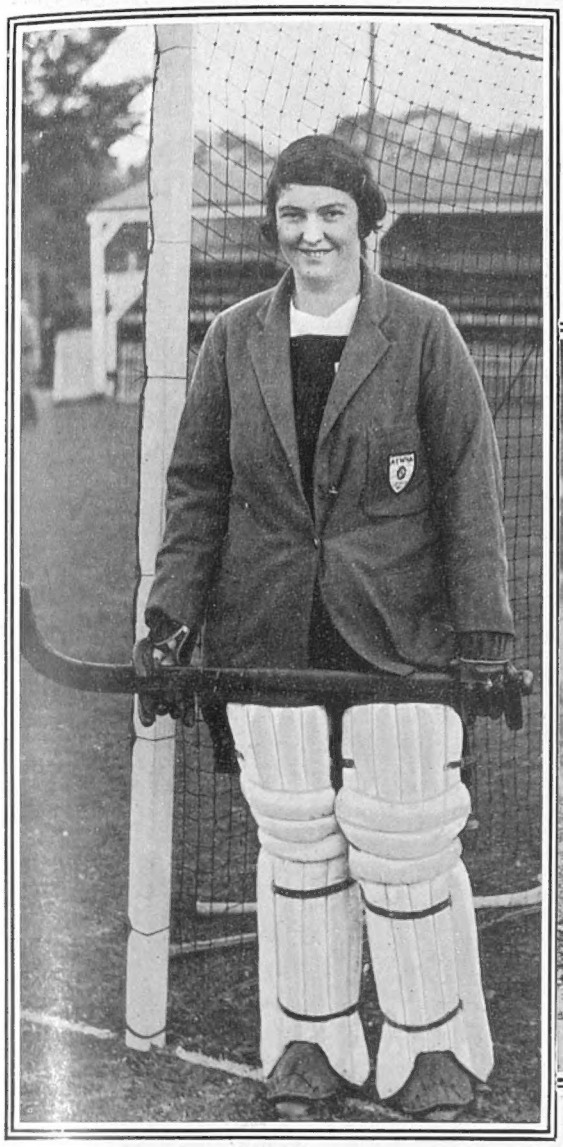
**"One from Cherry-Hinton."**—"Strong men," wrote Rupert Brooke in his famous poem:

> "Strong men have run for miles and miles,
> When one from Cherry-Hinton smiles":

But the Liverymen of the City of London showed no signs of panic when Mr. Alderman Neal smiled his thanks on his election to the high office of Dick Whittington. Hailing from Cherry-Hinton, Mr. Neal has served the City of London for forty years, and becomes the chief citizen of the greatest city in the world. And I depend on him to remove, once and for all, the reproach of Cherry-Hinton. His work he will accomplish from a West-End hotel, for he is not to live at the Mansion House during any part of his year of office. He will be an absentee Lord Mayor, "giving his address as the Metropole."

THE REOPENING OF THE LAW COURTS: The Lord Chancellor and His Majesty's Judges in gowns and full-bottomed wigs wind their way across the Old Palace Yard after attending a special service in Westminster Abbey

# PEOPLE in the PUBLIC EYE



GOALIE FOR ENGLAND: Miss Winifred Brown, winner of the King's Cup

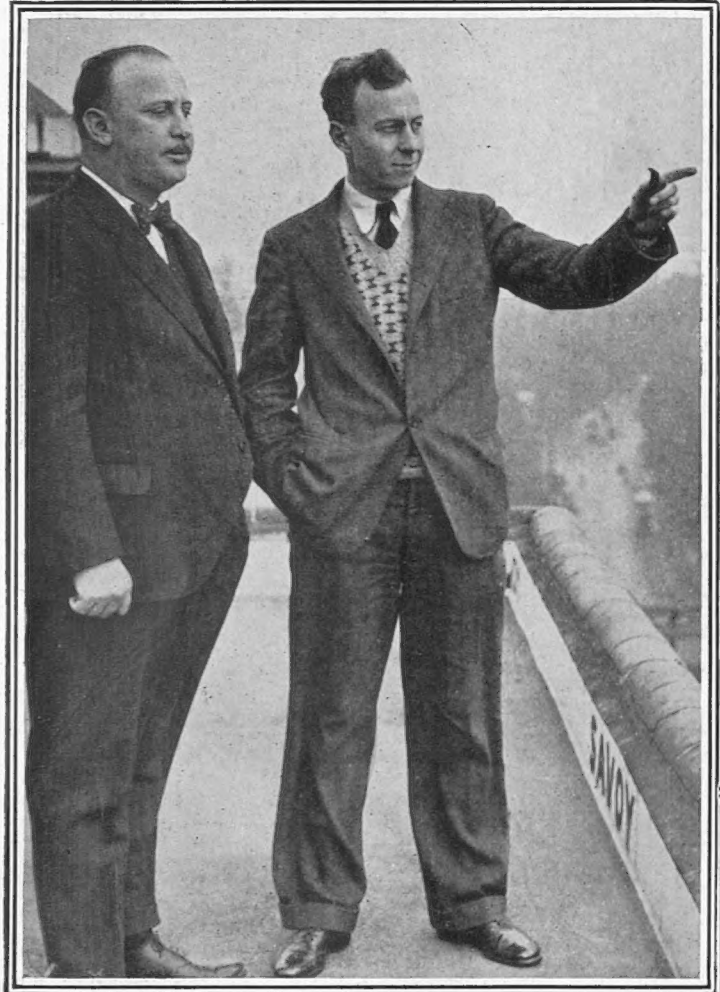
THE FALLING LEAF OF AUTUMN: A charming study of Miss Angela Leahy, daughter of Dr. M. P. Leahy and niece of Mr. Eugene Leahy the noted actor

A STUDY IN TWEEDS: Miss Charrington and Miss Susan Charrington at the Wincanton Autumn 'Chases, one of the social functions of Wiltshire

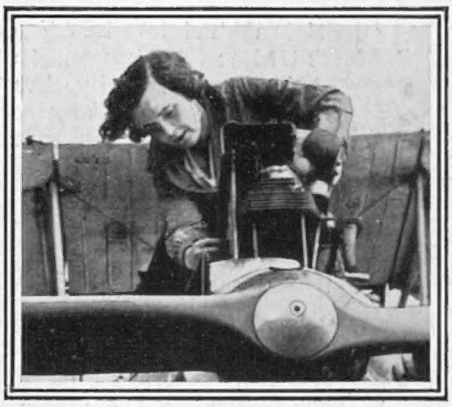
AN ENTHUSIAST OF JAPAN: Miss Elizabeth Keith, the well-known artist, who makes a feature of Japanese subjects, is pursuing her studies under Mr. Hiroshi Yoshida. Miss Keith held an exhibition in Tokio recently and has published a highly successful book

THE SON OF CROWN PRINCE LEOPOLD and Princess Astrid christened at Brussels. King Albert and Princess Rene de Bourbon, the godmother, holding the baby, which is named Baldwin, are seen above

CONQUERORS OF THE ATLANTIC: *Miss Columbia*, the 'plane in which Levine and Chamberlayne flew the ocean in 1927, on Tresco, Scilly Isles, where Captain Errol Boyd and Lieutenant Harry Connor made a forced landing owing to fuel shortage. Had the petrol failed five minutes earlier they would have fallen into the sea. They had to dump 500 gallons of petrol into the sea




DELIBERATING AN AERIAL RETURN TO AMERICA: Captain Boyd and Lieutenant Connor, two experienced American pilots who, having flown from West to East, are thinking of going back by air *via* the Azores. Expert opinion is surprised at so skilful a pilot bringing over this old machine at such a time



SAVED IN PERSIA: The Hon. Mrs. Victor Bruce, who crashed in Persia, but was rescued, bruised but safe, after a forced landing on her Tokio flight

AUSTRALIA BOUND: Mr. C. S. Chabot, who with Major Pickthorn, attempted to beat Captain Hinkler's record in a long-range Moth, but abandoned at Karachi

Left—PERSIA'S TREASURES: The 'planes at Abadan bringing treasures to London, where they will be shown at Burlington House

ATTEMPTING AUSTRALIA: Flight-Lieutenant C. W. Hill with the Moth in which he is making the attempt. As we go to press Lieutenant Hill is lost in Malaysia

ROYAL COURAGE: In no way deterred by the *R 101* disaster, the Prince of Wales flew to Christ's Hospital—the BluecoatSchool—the other day. His visit was due to the fact that he was opening the new science building at Horsham whither the school moved some few years ago. H.R.H. is seen above in flying kit before his Puss Moth just after his arrival at Horsham

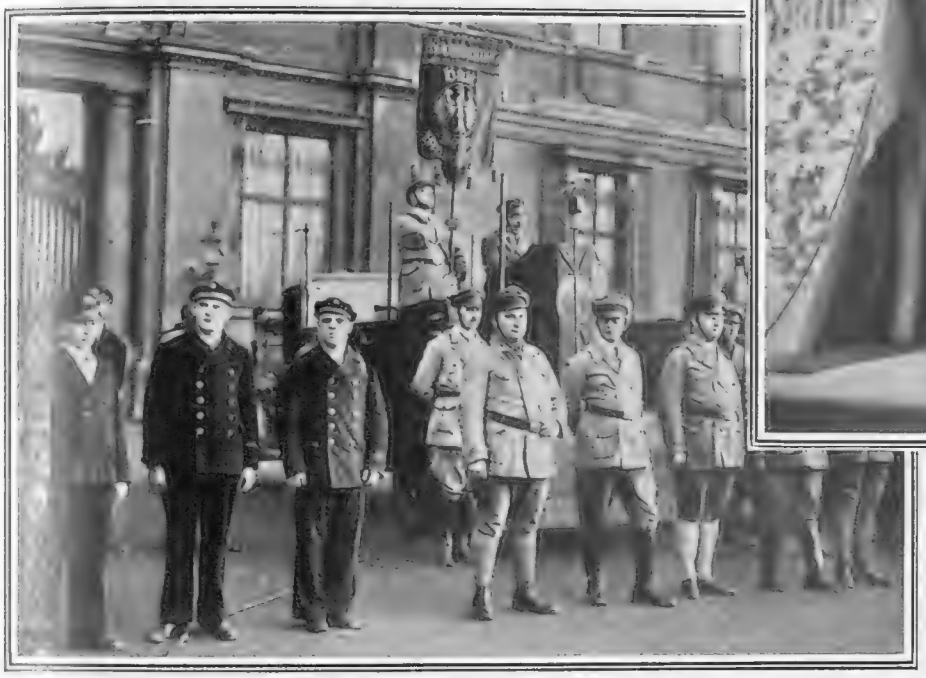
## "COLUMBIA'S" *Second* ATLANTIC VOYAGE

# "DOWN *with the* OTHER FELLOW *and* UP *with* ME"

## *Two Parties in Spain and Three in Germany at Loggerheads*

*WRECKED BY THE REDS: A tramcar derailed in Bilbao by Communists, furious at being unable to prevent the meeting of the Monarchist Union. The clash in the sunny Spanish town resulted in a general strike and general disturbances*

*"LOOK AT THEIR PAST RECORD, I ASK YOU": The struggle for supremacy between Monarchy and Republicanism still continues in Spain. Since the cessation or mitigation of Dictatorship rule within the Peninsula political exiles have rushed back to their deserted rostra. In Madrid a few days ago the Republicans held a big meeting at which a Catalonian speaker is here seen holding forth. The awfulness of the present regime and the social paradise which he would introduce is, we take it, clearly being described*



*CONSTITUTIONALISTS: Soldiers and sailors belonging to the Reichs-banner demonstrated in Berlin the other day to prove to the* Stahlhelm *and the Hitlerists as well as the Communists that there were still some millions of Germans who looked askance both on the Imperial doctrines of the one and the subversionist beliefs of the others*

*FASCISTS: The march past of the National Socialist storm troops bearing the emblem of the organization. The* fasces *Hitler, the human question-mark, is seen taking the salute*

There were scuffles and bâton charges round the German Parliament building when the newly-elected Reichstag assembled. Outside the building large crowds were kept at a respectful distance by a strong force of mounted and foot police. Some of the M.P.s were "wanted" by the police and were anxious to claim sanctuary in the Reichstag. Once they were in they were immune from arrest for the rest of the session. The Fascist M.P.s came in their "uniform" of khaki shirts and shorts. The Communists came in red shirts. As both forms of clothing are barred by law in the streets, the M.P.s had to come in overcoats.

*MONARCHISTS: Members of the* Stahlhelm *(Steel Helmet) organization includes Princes Oscar and Eitel Frederich, the sons of the ex-Kaiser. The founder, Franz Seldte, was also present during the great parade at Cobientz where over 130,000 members of the* Stahlhelm *paraded with 10,000 flags belonging to various groups before 20,000 visitors. It is the aim of this organization to re-create the Prussia of 1913, and to obtain absolution of Germany's war-guilt*

# The NATION MO

## *Special Pictures of the Mem*

*AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE: The scene outside St. Paul's, where the Prince represented the King at the Memorial Service for the victims of the R 101 tragedy. The service was attended by the leaders of the nation, seated among whom were the relatives of the dead. The City Corporation, resplendent in scarlet, was also present. One of the famous pigeons circled round the dome as if it were the Dove of Peace. A service was also held at Westminster Cathedral*

*AT THE CENOTAPH: The funeral procession in Whitehall by the monument to others who, like the R 101 victims, died for their country. The procession marched from Westminster to Euston*

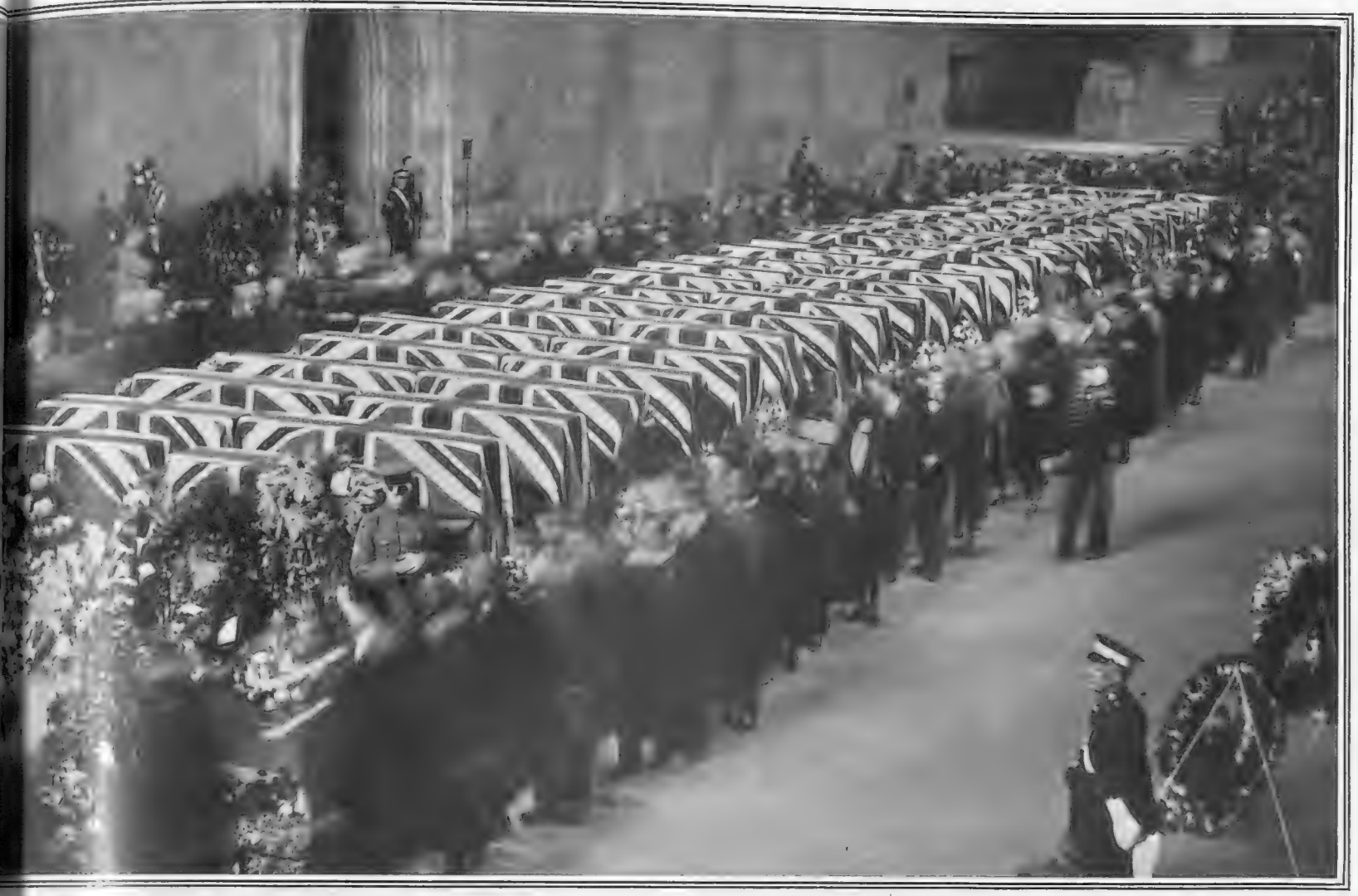
Inset above—*THE EYE-WITNESS: M. Georges Rabouille, a French poacher, who has given the most vivid account of the crash*

*COMRADES ALL: The crew of R 100 and the survivors of R 101—such of them as were fit to follow their fellows on their last voyage—following the cortège. The bare-headed figure in the foreground is Engineer Bell. A detachment of the Grenadier Guards, a detachment of the R.A.F., and the "notables" of the Government followed the forty-eight military wagons. The simplicity of the procession was the dominant note, as opposed to the scarlet and gold of similar ceremonies*

*REPRESENTING GERMANY: Dr. Eck Herr Schiff, who came from Germany to p to the victims of the greatest of aerial Dr. Eckener regards the substitution of he hydrogen as essential for airship safe*

# ...S its HEROES in LONDON and CARDINGTON

## ...ervice at St. Paul's, the Procession Through the Metropolis, and the Funeral in Bedfordshire



...ATE: The ...urning crowds pass by the forty-eight coffins, each draped in a Union Jack, ranked in Westminster Hall. The procession marched alternately in the quick-step ... march, and arms were carried alternately at the reverse and at the trail reversed. The Cabinet Ministers and the Dominion Premiers followed in black Austin motor-cars. ...rtmental chiefs from the Air Ministry marched in formal dress. But the highlights of the procession were the detachments from the Grenadier Guards, the Air Force, the Navy, ...ines, and the detachment of foreign attachés in their variegated uniforms. The Prime Minister's face was noticeably lined with grief, owing not only to the whole tragedy, but also to his personal loss in Lord Thomson, a very close friend who it was rumoured was to go to India as Viceroy

...HE COMMON GRAVE: The Bishop of St. Albans and the Rev. R. E. V. Hanson, Chaplain-General to the Air Force, celebrate the last sad rites at Cardington. The shallow grave has been lined with concrete to enable a fitting memorial to be erected. Flights of aeroplanes flew over the scene paying their last tribute to their comrades. The service was also attended by the Presbyterian and Wesleyan Chaplains and the Roman Catholic Army Bishop. In the dying rays of the setting sun the strains of "The Last Post"—most poignant of music blown on the most stirring of instruments—echoed faint across the grave. Then from another quarter sounded the notes of "Réveillé." The massed wreaths, carried by the military wagons in the procession through London, and laid on the grave at Cardington, made of Death a thing of beauty fragrant with flowers

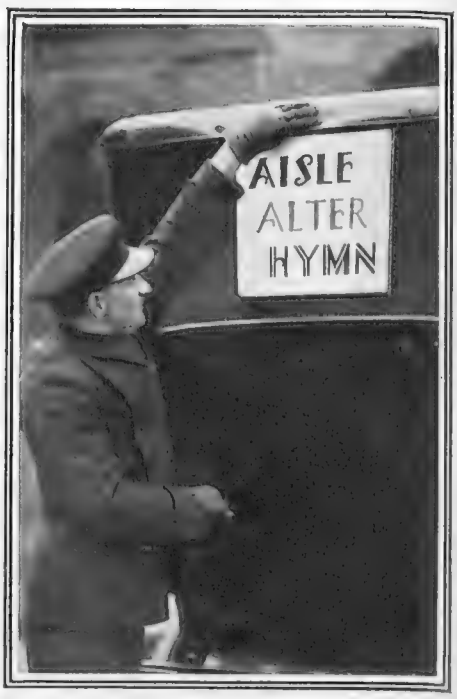
# A LAST LOOK ROUND!

*On Many Fields of Human Activity*

*IN THE ROYAL MILITARY CHAPEL: Captain Patrick Ellison, Grenadier Guards, and Miss Hermione Fisher-Rowe, who were wed last Tuesday*

*IN AMERICAN SOCIETY: Mr. John Hay Whitney of New York and Miss Mary Elizabeth Altemus of Philadelphia were married after a two years' romance at Falls of the Schuykill, near Philadelphia. The wedding was in keeping with their wealth*

*IN A VILLAGE CHURCH: Mr. Hugh Rose, son of Sir H. Arthur and Lady Rose of Edinburgh, with his bride, formerly Miss Marjorie Usher, leaving the Kirk of Currie, near Edinburgh, where, in rustic simplicity, the wedding was celebrated*




*THE JEST OF THE WEEK: The brilliant and logical pun placarded as the bride's "intentions," on the back of the bridal car at a recent wedding in St. John's Wood. The sequence of the punning words adds to their point*

*AT A SOCIETY WEDDING: Captain the Hon. G. Rodney and Mrs. Rodney at the wedding of Lord Waterford and Miss Juliette Lindsay at St. George's, Hanover Square, last Tuesday*

*LONDON'S NEWEST TALKIE PALACE: The New Victoria Theatre opened with a George Arliss film at the première of which the star appeared in person. The interior of this huge house is decorated in a submarine motif, representing the eerie lights and fantastic shapes of the ocean depths*

*A LITTLE SEASON WEDDING: The Hon. Somerset Maxwell, only son of Lord and Lady Farnham, and Miss Susan Roberts, who were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, this week*

*MEMBERS IN UNIFORM AT THE REICHSTAG: The 107 Fascist delegates appeared in the brown shirts which constitute their uniform and sat thus in Parliament. To pass the doors they wore overcoats, which they later discarded*

*AT THE FIRST MOTOR-SHOW: A scene at Olympia in 1906. The hard bowler hat was then the wear, and the topper far from uncommon. Long skirts, however, were worn—even longer than those the modistes are booming to-day*

# MOTORLESS FLIGHT

## *Gliding and Soaring, Largely Developed in Germany, are the Ideal Sports to Encourage Airmindedness and Simultaneously to Promote Bodily Fitness*

By STEWART SCOTT HALL

One of the most interesting developments of modern flying is that of gliding and soaring.

In the very early days of aviation, before the light petrol engine had made power-flying possible, the pioneers of the heavier-than-air machine experimented with gliders. Of these, one of the most famous was the German, Lilienthal, who gave his life in the cause of aeronautical science when his machine crashed during a flight.

These early gliders were crude and inefficient, and would therefore only glide at a steep angle to the horizontal, coming to earth very quickly.

Since then, however, science has indicated, and experience proved, that it is possible to build an aircraft which will have an efficiency in flight comparable with that possessed by soaring birds. This means that supposing the man-controlled glider and the bird were released together at the same point in still air, and supposing that the bird kept its wings outstretched and motionless in the manner with which everyone is familiar, the two would both come to earth along the same path, descending at the very slow rate of roughly 1 ft. vertically for every 15 ft. travelled forward.

Nearly everyone has at one time or another watched seagulls soaring near the edge of a cliff or in the wake of a liner, and has probably wondered how the bird can remain at the same level in the air with hardly a movement of its wings to maintain its height. The reason is the same in both cases. The gull is making use of vertical currents, created in the first case by the wind striking the cliffs and being deflected upwards, and in the second case by the hot air rising from the funnels of the ship.

The existence of strong up-currents of air on the windward sides of cliffs and mountains, and over regions where the air becomes heated by the ground, has long been known to airmen, but a most remarkable discovery of meteorologists, made quite recently, is that similar up-currents of large magnitudes exist in the neighbourhood of the cumulous clouds which gather on a hot summer afternoon.

If, then, the gull or the glider pilot can find a current of air moving upwards at the same rate as that at which he would descend in still air, and supposing that he can manœuvre so that he always remains in this current, he can maintain level flight so long as he wishes. If the up-current is stronger still he may even ascend.

On this simple phenomenon rests the rapidly growing science and sport of motorless flight.

When the Versailles Treaty was drawn up after the War, Germany was forbidden by the Allies to build any aircraft with engines of more than a very limited power. The result was that she turned her attention to making her aeroplanes so efficient that they would achieve the same results as before in spite of this restricted power. A medium which was obviously one of the cheapest and best for experiment was the motorless aeroplane or glider. Very soon gliding became not only the scientific investigation of the few, but a sporting activity of every University and high school in the country. All the enthusiasm of young Germany was thrown into it, and she may well be proud of the advance in this branch of flying that she has made in the last eleven years. A flight of over 100 miles in a straight line has been accomplished, and a glider has remained in the air for fourteen hours on end, while a soaring ascent to 6,000 ft. above the point of starting from the ground stands as yet another record of flying without an engine.

The aircraft which have achieved these feats are as remarkable as the records themselves.

They must be of very low resistance to forward motion and are invariably monoplanes with tiny cigar-shaped bodies in the nose of which there is just room to squeeze the pilot. Again, to be able to glide so efficiently, the wing must be extremely long and narrow, having what is known as a high aspect ratio. Some of the latest soaring 'planes are close on 100 ft. from wing-tip to wing-tip. This also gives them the large wing area necessary for gliding and to make the landing speed very low. This is essential for safety, since there is only a single skid along the bottom of the body to land on. The wings have to be quite thick near the middle to support the huge span, and their cross-section has to be very carefully planned to give a high lifting quality combined with low resistance.

The controls of these craft are the same as those for a normal aeroplane, and consist of rudder, elevators, and ailerons or wing-tip flaps. The handling is much the same as for power-flying, but, as may be imagined, requires considerable skill and delicacy of touch, while soaring is an art in itself.

The novice in gliding is not sent off solo on one of these high-performance machines until he has had a considerable amount of training. Nevertheless from the time he starts to learn, he will probably always fly alone. There are in existence two-seater gliders fitted with dual controls, such as the Poppenhausen, but they are not very much favoured. The first flights are made on an elementary type of glider known as a Zögling, with a comparatively small wing span and designed so that it is practically foolproof. With this type only short glides are possible. The instructor explains the results of movements of the controls and the pupil is then ready for his first flight.

The method of projecting a glider into the air is very simple. Two long lengths of rubber cable are joined to a small steel ring. The glider is placed in position facing wind, and the ring is slipped over a small half-hook on the nose of the aircraft. Two teams take the cables out ahead in a Vee while the tail of the glider is held. When the cables are stretched out to the pilot's satisfaction as to direction, he orders the team to walk, and then to run. When the tension is sufficient to launch him successfully he calls to those holding the tail to let go. The glider shoots forward, rising in the air as it does so, and the cable falls away from the hook.

*GLIDING ALSO HAS ITS MARTYRS: The late Johannes Nehring, who was killed in an aviation accident, is seen above during his world-record glide with a passenger*

*THE HARD WORK OF GLIDING: Hauling the 'plane up hill for the start. This picture was taken during a meeting of the London Gliding Club held at Wendover, Bucks, in the Chilterns. Aircraft men from Halton Camp were interested spectators*

*THE AUSTRIAN CHAMPION: Herr Kronfeld, who demonstrated in England on his glider, "Wien" (Vienna). The astonishing speed of 60 m.p.h. was recorded on occasions during the flight*

The first few flights will be made over level ground, and the aircraft will only be allowed to rise a few feet in the air. It will sink back to earth after travelling quite a short distance. The landing speed of most training gliders is round about 20 m.p.h. in still air, and if, as is usually the case, there is a head-wind of some 10 m.p.h., the aircraft alights quite gently with a ground-speed of only about 10 m.p.h. The shock of a reasonably good landing is very slight indeed on turf or soft ground, and the glider merely slides along on its skid for a few feet before coming to rest.

The pupil next practises gliding down a slope until he is ready to qualify for his "A" certificate, the test for this being a glide of 30 sec. Next he must practise turns from a greater height, and take his "B" certificate, which requires a flight of 60 sec. duration with turns round fixed points. He is now allowed to fly a more advanced type of aircraft known as a Prüfling, on which he must practise soaring by continual figure-of-eight turns in a region of up-currents. Finally he takes his "C" certificate. The flight required for this is one of at least five minutes.

He is now a fully-fledged soaring pilot and is entitled to wear his badge with its three birds' wings, a coveted decoration amongst German gliding students. He can now turn his attention to flying the high-performance 'planes and can try his hand at cloud-soaring and long-distance flights.

One of the disadvantages of gliding is that it requires the aid of a number of enthusiasts for the start of every flight, and probably at the end also to transport the glider back to the starting-point. This, however, can be turned to advantage from the sporting point of view in fostering a team spirit, and it is quite certain that as an inexpensive means of learning to fly and acquiring an air sense, gliding is unrivalled. It brings aviation within the reach of thousands to whom power-flying is an impossibility by reason of its prohibitive cost. As a sport soaring can certainly rival sailing, calling, as it does, for the exercise of almost every faculty.

A few weeks ago the eleventh annual international soaring competitions were held in Germany under the auspices of the Rhon Rossitten Gesellschaft at the Wasserkuppe, a mountainous region ideal for gliding some seventy miles north-east of Frankfurt. Almost every University in Germany was represented by a team and enthusiasm ran very high. Prizes were offered for distance in a straight line, flights to a given place and back to the starting-point, and greatest height reached; and the official observers were kept working at full pressure during every day that was fit for flying.

Herr Kronfeld, who demonstrated his famous glider, the *Wien*, in England recently, carried out a fine flight of over 100 miles in a straight line by making use of the up-currents of a line squall, and there were many others too numerous to mention.

A visit to these competitions must have convinced anyone of the vast possibilities of this branch of aviation not only from the scientific and sporting aspects but also from the point of view of building up a national familiarity with the air, an object of the highest importance to every country for its own welfare at the present time.

The gliding movement is just beginning in England. May it have every success.

b

# *Britains* BUTTRESS *in* INDIA—

INDIA'S SPOKESMAN: The Maharaja of Bikaner, whose reputation as a warrior-prince compares favourably with the heroes of old

Headed, in the absence of the premier prince, the Nizam, by the Maharaja of Patiala, tall, impressive, magnificently bearded, the sixteen representatives of the Indian States make a picturesque splash of colour against the sober background of the forty-three representatives from British India.

They range, the independent native chiefs, from opulent and constitutionally-minded Maharajas who buy their clothes in Savile Row and compute their revenues in hundreds of thousands of pounds, to petty frontier chiefs who make do with a loin cloth and count their income in scores of rupees, and in the aggregate they rule over one-third of the territory of vast India and count as their subjects one-third of India's 300,000,000 souls.

Theirs is the India of Romance. The great treasure chambers, the State camels and the red-painted, gilt-tusked elephants of State wearing necklaces of gold mohurs and massive gold anklets encrusted with jewels; the sacks of pearls and rubies, the dancing girls and grand viziers, palace intrigues, grand amours, and sudden death; the magnificent host who takes you on tiger shoots and (if you are of sufficient importance) garlands you with those ribbons called *hars* which are spun from pure gold and plaited; these all belong not to British India, but to the India of the Native States.

Having much to hope from the British Crown, and everything to fear from the ambitious native lawyers and professional politicians of British India, the princes form a bastion of British power in India.

The British know how to manage them. At Delhi, seat of the Government of India, they preserve for the ceremonial visits of ruling princes a State etiquette more rigid than that in any European Court boasting the traditions of a thousand years; for your Indian chief is a glutton for ceremony and keenly watchful for slights, real or unintended, betrayed by omissions in the ritual.

It is recorded that on one occasion the Viceroy and his little court were drawn up in the throne-room at the palace at Delhi awaiting the arrival in State of a powerful ruling prince. A clatter of hoofs was heard outside. The great man had arrived. The Viceroy rose as the first gun of the ceremonial salute went off. But no prince entered the marble-pillared chamber. What had happened?

THE MAHARAJA OF KASHMIR: Sir Harry Singh, one of the great princes of India and a delegate to the Round Table Conference

An agitated *aide* rushed in to explain. This prince was entitled to a salute of nineteen guns. Very jealous he was of that salute, and had stayed rigidly at attention on the threshold of the palace counting the explosions made by the guns drawn up in the courtyard before the palace. There were only eighteen. The Maharaja waited a full minute. Not another bang.

"Eighteen!" he exclaimed to his *dewan*, a bearded old warrior who stood at his back. "Eighteen," confirmed his chief minister grimly. The outraged prince about-turned and leaped into his carriage, which, at a fierce order from the *dewan*, rattled off.

It took a high official, despatched in haste from Government House, to pacify the indignant potentate and get him back. The nineteen salutes had been there, but one cartridge was defective and had failed to go off. That, at least, was the official explanation; and as the full nineteen bangs greeted the prince when he returned he accepted it with dignity.

At one of the viceregal investitures in the Delhi palace you will see forty or fifty chiefs and ruling princes; among them, perhaps, the Maharaja of Kapurthala, with his tiara of enormous emeralds and his famous jewel-hilted sword; the tall and magnificently impressive Maharaja of Bikaner (India's spokesman at the Imperial Conference) in the pale-blue robes of the Grand Cross of the Star of India white uniform; the Maharaja of Patiala in his brocaded studded coat with diamonds wearing the famous French historic necklace which was once an item in the British crown jewels (King James II slipped it into his pocket when he fled to France); and the Maharaja of Gwalior, descendant of the slipper bearer to the Balaji Peshwa at the beginning of the eighteenth century, wearing his quaint scarlet Mahratta hat and girded with a diamond-hilted sword in a pale mauve velvet diamond-studded scabbard.

HEADING THE DELEGATION: The Maharaja of Patiala, who is in command in the absence of the Premier Prince, the Nizan of Hyderabad

These men and their like rule the most vigorous elements of the conglomeration of tribes and sects which make up vast India. With few exceptions they are the descendants of great warriors, and their subjects have great fighting traditions.

Until the British came and established the *pax Britannica*, every chief fought with his neighbour, and you got situations like that which used to exist in the peninsula of Kathiawar (a country the size of Ireland and including 180 different States), where in pre-British rule days the only quiet time of the year was during the annual invasion of the Baroda Mulukgiri army, when local feuds were suspended and the warring chiefs united for the moment to oust the invader.

The Rajputs of this country are stout fighting men and good sportsmen, friendly to the English, contemptuous of the politicians of British India—those talkers who have no fighting traditions at their back. The prince of the biggest State is the Maharaja of Nawanagar, otherwise K. S. Ranjitsinhji, the cricketer, uncle of Duleepsinhji, and a prince entitled to a salute of fifteen guns.

The Viceroy holds the monopoly of the installation of ruling princes. The occasion is one calling for considerable pageantry. The Viceroy goes up to the State in person and performs the ceremony in the ruler's palace.

But ceremony is not always the order of the day. The late Marquis Curzon, most magnificent of Viceroys, has described the Mehtar of Chitral in festive vein. Curzon was entertaining the Mehtar at dinner.

"The Mehtar sat with us at a table in one of the raised recesses of the room; the rest of the court squatted or lounged on the floor below. They tried our heterogeneous drinks (beer, whisky, and ginger wine) and regaled us with their own music and story. The whisky and the ginger wine were mixed together—I am not sure that a little beer was not added—and I can recall the sight of one nobleman pouring this amazing concoction down the throat of another at the same time that he held him by the nose. Among the guests was a blind scion of the old ruling family of Badakshan, who came in and twanged a primitive guitar."

The Maharaja of Mysore is a good instance of how the British like to bring up a ruling prince. He was educated in his own home under the supervision of a member of the Indian Civil Service, was given a British knighthood, invested with his powers by the Viceroy, escorted during the ceremonial proceedings by an infantry battalion, a cavalry regiment, and a battery of artillery, and equipped with a political officer in the person of a retired colonel, and a private secretary in the person of a trusted member of the British Civil Service.

Then there was the Maharaja Nripendra Narayan Bhup of Cooch Behar, who was the subject of an experiment which turned out very happily (the present Maharani of Cooch Behar, young, lively, lovely, is the best known of the Indian princesses, and quite a social celebrity in London, on the English hunting field, in Paris, and on the Riviera).

This Maharaja was a ward of the Government, and carefully educated to be a model ruler at the ward institution at Benares and the Government college at Patna. The Paramount Power provided him with an English tutor and guardian, and the Viceroy received him cordially and gave him a medal. He was granted a salute of thirteen guns and a European guard of honour.

Finally the Paramount Power looked about for the model wife for the model ruler it had made, and after many confidential investigations and inquiries by magistrates and Lieutenant-Governors, they found the ideal girl in the young daughter of a high-caste and influential Brahmo (a Brahmo is a person who believes in Brahm—one God).

Correspondence passed and repassed between the powers that be, and, the Maharaja assuring the father that he objected to polygamy and believed in one true God, the marriage took place, and the Government of India gave a sigh of relief and stood itself a drink.

One may add that this marriage of imperial convenience turned out happily. In her fiftieth year the Maharani Sunity Devee described her first meeting with her fiancé thus: "I look up, and as I did so I met the Maharaja's eyes fixed on me full of love, and I blushed. From that moment my future husband and I loved each other." They sent their sons to an English public school.

# The Native Princes

*Whose value and loyalty to the British Raj cannot be over-estimated*

By C. PATRICK THOMPSON

"RANJI": The Maharaja Jam Sahib of Nawanagar, whose nephew, K. S. Duleepsinhji, bids fair to continue the cricket traditions of his House

The story of Baroda and its ruler, the Maharaja Gaekwar, is illuminating but perhaps not quite so satisfactory from the British point of view. Baroda, a State of 8,000 sq. miles containing two million of people, very fertile, very rich, had long been giving trouble to the British overlord. A series of tyrannical or spendthrift or feeble-minded or rebellious rulers had played the devil with it.

First the Maharaja Khanderao, a mighty hunter, a noted wrestler and a great lover of women, went in for artificial deer preserves, sports arenas for the people, and jewels for his multitudinous favourites—and nearly ruined the State. Two of his big extravagances enrich the Baroda Crown Jewels in in the Nazarbag Palace to-day—the 125-carat Star of the South diamond which Khanderao bought for £100,000 on its discovery in Brazil in 1853, and which is now valued at £600,000, and the priceless pearl carpet which was intended as a gift to the Prophet's Tomb at Mecca (but the Maharaja had second thoughts about it).

In the Indian Mutiny Khanderao stood in with the British, who, enabled to withdraw their troops from that area, in gratitude subsequently remitted an ancient annual levy of £25,000 and granted Khanderao the insignia of royalty and the title of "His Highness the Maharaja."

Khanderao's successor, Malharrao, plotted against the British supremacy, and in a year spent 171 lakhs of rupees against an income of only 94 lakhs. He abducted respectable women, and tortured and murdered his people and tried to poison the English political agent with sherbet into which arsenic and diamond dust had been dropped.

The long-suffering British Government finally deposed the Maharaja Malharrao and sought a successor young enough to be trained up not to give the trouble his predecessors had caused. Khanderao's widow was called in, the Maharani Jamnabai. She was to choose an adopted son, who would become heir to the throne. It was now discovered that there existed a branch of the family which had fallen to peasant level, and lived, three brothers with their wives and families, all together in a family house in a remote village eighteen miles distant from the nearest railway station.

THE GAEKWAR OF BARODA: The ruler elevated to power by virtue of his character and his blood although only of peasant status

One of the younger boys, Gopalrao, took the Maharani's fancy, and was thereupon, with the appropriate Hindu ritual, handed over by his father and adopted by the Maharani as her son. The British Resident and his suite then, in the name of the British Government, installed and invested the boy as Maharaja of Baroda under the name of Sayajirao III.

This peasant boy is now one of the best known of the Indian princes.

Over an unruly prince the Viceroy can always hold the club of deposition. A prince who was a confirmed drunkard shot his body servant dead; another was privy to the poisoning of his uncle; a third, afflicted with a strain of insanity, treated his subjects barbarously. All were either invited to abdicate or were deposed.

Any prince following in the footsteps of the late Shah of Persia, and preferring life in Paris and on the Riviera to that of his own country, would receive friendly remonstrances from the Paramount Power; then a quiet but firm talk; and if he still proved recalcitrant he would in all probability find that he had abdicated in favour of his son, uncle, or brother. Nothing crude is done, but these things can happen.

# The SILENT and the SPEAKING SCREENS

The Hindu Epic, "Ramayana": Mr. George Arliss in "Old English": Miss Evelyn Laye in "Lilli": Miss Jean Harlow in "Hell's Angels"

EVELYN LAYE'S FIRST TALKIE: A scene in the Goldwyn film, "Lilli," an Hungarian story produced in Hollywood. The famous English musical comedy star is seen above with Mr. John Boles

ONE WHO JUMPED INTO FAME: Miss Jean Harlow, who became a celebrity when the Howard Hughes aerial epic, "Hell's Angels" was presented in Los Angeles. It is to be seen in London this month

"OLD ENGLISH": Mr. George Arliss in the title-rôle of the Warner Bros. and Vitaphone production of the best of the Galsworthy "Five Tales"—a part created on the stage by Mr. Norman McKinnel

**The Story of a Soul:** "Ramayana" is being produced as a film. It is stated that the epic is the greatest in the world, for Ramayana is the embodiment of the Hindu religion. The bottom left-hand picture on the page shows Sita, the wife of Sri Rama, taken to prison after having been kidnapped by the Demon King Rawana in the land of Lanka, which is identified with the modern Ceylon. At dead of night the Monkey King, Hanuman, steals into Rawana's garden to tell Sita that Sri Rama and his brother are safe, and also that she will shortly be released. Hanuman implores Sita's blessing, an incident shown in the central picture on the page. The make-up of Hanuman is something of a masterpiece. The bottom right-hand picture shows the conflict between Hanuman, who performs magic to impress the Demon, and Rawana, seated, dagger in hand, on his throne. These three incidents are the melodramatic high-lights of the tale.

# POVERTY in a LAND of LUXURY

IN THE REFECTORY: T
friar is given a

AT PRAYER: In their habits of sombre brown the Benedictine friar
tural pursuits and the devotional life. The gay world at their very doors

THE HOODED FOLLOWERS OF ST. BENEDICT: A group of friars in their impressive robes, among whom is a novice still in civilian attire. Above — A MONKISH SERVITOR: One of the friars lays the long, narrow refectory table with the simple fare on which the friars sustain life. Top left — THE CURTAINED CUBICLES OF THE DEVOUT: An impression of the dormitory in the Lerin Monastery with its curtained recess for each friar

DEVOTION: The strict discipline of the Benedict
is voluntarily enforced by the monks at Ler
type of monastery recorded in the articles
merely cynical tales of profane authors, from
to Anatole France, do not exist to-da

# The first pictures ever taken of the Benedictine Monastery on the Island of Lerin off the Coast of Cannes

...t at meat in cowl and robe. Each ...wine made by his comrades

...all, listening in silence to a hymn. Their interests are bounded solely by agricul-...exist for these humble men who recreate in the modern world the ideals propounded ...medieval founder

A LABOUR OF LOVE: A monk at work on a small statue of St. Theresa, the Spanish mystic, who was one of the great driving forces of the counter-Reformation in the sixteenth century

ABLUTION: A monk washes his hands in a stone basin before going into the refectory. This is not a holy-water font as might be thought at first glance as is proved by the taps set in the stone pillar stone basin

EMPTY PLACES LEFT BY BROTHERS DECEASED: A meal in the monastery refectory. One of the rules of the foundation is that during meals hoods must be worn. Silence is enforced. Top right—THE GOD'S ACRE OF THE MONASTERY: The cemetery in which the friars are buried

These are the first pictures ever permitted to be taken in the Lerin Monastery

# "The SPHERE" Surveys the WORLD

*News Events of Foreign Lands in Pictures*

**ANOMALOUS ROYALTY:** *Queen Helen of Rumania with Prince Michael of Alba Julia, but a few months ago King Michael, at the Radio Exhibition, Bucharest.*

**A MEDIEVAL REGENCY:** *The new Government of San Marino in its ceremonial robes after taking the oath in San Marino, the capital of the tiny State*

*MISS KINUYE YAMAGUCHI engaged in municipal historic research*

**THE FUNERAL OF THE PIONEER OF AERIAL ARCTIC EXPLORATION:** *The body of Herr Andrée who, subsidized by the King of Sweden and M. Nobel, set forth in 1897 to reach the Pole by balloon, was found this summer, after thirty-three years of silence, by an expedition headed by Dr. Horn. The body was brought first to Tromso and thence to Stockholm on board the Svenskundan. The vessel is seen above in Stockholm harbour. High honour was paid to the remains in the Swedish capital*

**A ROYAL ALLIANCE:** *King Boris of Bulgaria, with his sister Princess Eudoxie, after hearing a Mass of Thanksgiving for his betrothal to Princess Giovanna.* **Above** *is Miss Yamaguchi, a graduate of Nippon University, who has been commissioned by the authorities of Tokio to make an investigation of the historic sites of the city*

## Lady DRUMMOND-HAY writes on

*AN IMPERIAL PUPIL: The fourteen-year-old Emperor of Annam has just arrived in Paris to complete his studies. He is seen above at the piano in the salon of his residence in the Gay City*

# WORLD AFFAIRS

### An Intimate Causerie on Matters of International Import

"R 101."—"England must not despair over the appalling catastrophe of the *R 101*. England has suffered worse disasters and held up her head, facing the future with faith that was justified. She will do so again. England must co-operate with Germany and America in solving the problems connected with the further development of lighter-than-air craft. The future of airships lies with helium gas, which is non-inflammable. Had the *R 101* been filled with helium the terrible tragedy would not have occurred."

That is the message sent to me, following the *R 101* disaster, by Dr. Hugo Eckener, conceded to be the world's greatest and most experienced airship navigator and authority on lighter-than-air craft.

With this "Storm King," as I have often called him, I have flown round the world in the *Graf Zeppelin*, crossed the Atlantic three times, the Pacific once, travelled by air to the Orient, and across the Equator to South America, where no airship has ever ventured before, not to mention many shorter flights. Never in the worst storms—and we experienced some truly severe ones—did I have the sensation of fear, not even when the *Graf Zeppelin* was crippled in mid-Atlantic in October, 1928.

At this time, when technical and non-technical men, far wiser in engineering and aerodynamics than I am, are roundly condemning to oblivion lighter-than-air craft, in which not a few of them have had no practical experience, I want to break a woman's lance in defence of properly constructed airships manned by experienced officers and men. I want to urge that, because of the great tragedy of the *R 101*, Britain should not accept that disaster as conclusive proof of the impracticability of airships for Empire air communications.

I have travelled more thousands of miles by airship than any Englishman, technical or non-technical. I am not technically trained but I observe. My journalistic training has taught me keen observation. True, the *Graf Zeppelin* is a German ship manned by German officers and crew. But I draw no national frontiers as barriers to the quest of knowledge.

Since August, 1928, the *Graf Zeppelin* has flown 147,000 miles. It has made 137 flights, the longest of which was the historic air-voyage round the world in August of last year. It has crossed the Atlantic seven times, the Pacific once, been through the icy blasts of Siberia and the edge of the Arctic Circle, to Rio de Janeiro across the Equator. All told, it has carried 3,100 passengers without injury to one.

That performance should prove more to the world than the end of the ill-fated *R 101* on its first passenger flight.

We must be frank with ourselves in this hour of national grief. The casualties in the R.A.F. this year—forty-eight on October 1—surpass the tragic list of the *R 101*. The latter, however, are usually less appalling to the imagination because they are less dramatic, and the number killed in each accident is small. All the same, no one would dream of suggesting cessation of experiment or suppression of use of aeroplanes for that reason.

**BRITAIN'S FAILURE—AND SUCCESS.**—We have had bad luck with our airships. We have also had bad luck with our commercial flying-boats, of which we have lost several. Sir Sefton Brancker, in conversation a short time before his death, told of one of our large new commercial flying-boats which "will not lift from the water."

On the other hand, we have military machines such as no other nation can boast, and British light aeroplanes, such as the de Havilland Moths, the Avro Avians, the new Segrave Meteor, and the Desoutter, without rival in the world for safety and performance. We have aero-engines which for reliability and performance lead the world. The Germans have about 150 flying-boats of the Dornier-Wal and Super-Wal type in different parts of the world, many of them with British engines.

Why can we not build airships as good and successful as the German airships? The *R 101* cost, I believe, £562,000; the *Graf Zeppelin* cost only £200,000.

The Germans have an experience in construction and in operation of airships that is almost a tradition. They have built 127 airships. We have built scarcely half-a-dozen. Ours have been experimental. In many respects they departed from the Zeppelin type.

The antagonism between the two lighter-than-air groups in England—no secret in air circles abroad—has not been helpful, quite the contrary. There was a disinclination, a natural pride, not to call on German experts for advice and help. The Americans had no such inhibition or prejudice. The gigantic American Zeppelin, larger than the *R 101*, now being built in Akron, Ohio, has as chief constructor Dr. Arnstein of the Zeppelin Works at Friedrichshafen, together with a staff of German draughtsmen. The American Zeppelin will have eight German Maybach engines—the same type that carried us with such reliability and safety in the *Graf Zeppelin* through many a storm.

The German *Do. X* has twelve American motors. The new Dornier flying-boat, *Do. S*, has four French Hispano-Suiza engines, and some of the Dornier Wals and Super-Wals have British Rolls-Royce engines.

I mention this because, despite a strong ultra-nationalistic current in Germany, German aircraft constructors such as Dr. Dornier do not let that deter them from seeking expert advice, and taking engines from other countries, when that advice and those engines make for the reliability and success of their aircraft.

The *Graf Zeppelin* and the *R 100* will, I believe, be the last of the hydrogen airships. The disaster of the *R 101* has doomed that type. The new airships will be, must be, helium ships—ships that cannot burn. Then there will be no speedier, no safer mode of trans-ocean travel than by airships. America must lift its embargo on the export of helium, of which it has a monopoly, in the interest of lighter-than-air development. And Britain must have such helium airships for Empire communication.

Unless experiments now being made, which are said to promise the most sensational advance in heavier-than-air craft since the Wright Brothers first flew at Kittyhawk, turn out successful, aeroplanes for safe trans-ocean passenger traffic are not yet in sight, and that domain must remain to airships.

**BRUNETTES ARE SAFER.**—Gentlemen may prefer Blondes, but it is safer to ride with Brunettes.

That is the conclusion of a New York insurance company specializing in motor-car insurance, on the basis of exhaustive statistics of automobile accidents.

It should be recalled that in America thousands of girls and women drive their own cars, affording insurance companies a broad field of comparison between Blonde and Brunette drivers, and again between women and men.

Blondes have the most accidents among women to their discredit. The deduction is drawn that Blondes have not the same strong sense of responsibility as have Brunettes. Also it is charged against them that Blondes are more vain than Brunettes and that the fair-haired, blue-eyed ones do not give their whole attention to driving like their darker sisters are said to do. Blondes at the wheel of a car, so the report implies where it does not clearly state that, are inclined to look about more, and not always straight ahead.

The Blondes, however, have one consolation in those same statistics, and that is that women, Blonde or Brunette, are safer drivers than men. About one-fourth of all automobile drivers in the United States are women, and only 6 per cent. of all motor-car accidents occurred where women were at the wheel. Red-haired women, the report says, come next to Brunettes as safe drivers.

To be safe, Gentlemen should ride with Brunettes.

I asked Captain V. H. Baker, famous Pilot-Instructor at Heston Air Park, whether the same ruling applied to women aeroplane pilots. Captain Baker replied that, strangely enough, their ranks contained very few Blondes. The great majority of flying-women are Brunettes.

**A WORLD IN TURMOIL.**—The world is suffering from arterio-sclerosis. That is, high blood-pressure due to hardening of the arteries, which interferes with calm, clear, and rapid thinking. Time and history, especially the "mechanization" of the world, with its economic effects and political reactions, are moving so rapidly that the minds of those who run this mundane sphere seem incapable of thinking fast enough to keep economics and politics adjusted to new realities that burst upon us almost daily.

Millions of people were killed or died in the World War. In bulk they are not missed. Individually they ARE missed, for we suffer for the loss of some of the most promising brains claimed by death. The world to-day is poorer in leaders than ever before in the annals of civilization.

The total number of unemployed throughout the world is placed at between 14,000,000 and 15,000,000. At the same time statisticians tell us that the population of the world is growing at the rate of more than 2,000 per hour, or 18,000,000 a year. "Robot" machinery is replacing hundreds of thousands of human hands every year. Every section of the globe has its own peculiar "crisis."

Mr. Hoover, powerful President of the world's wealthiest country—America—"says it with smiles," but waves his wand of "prosperity" in vain in face of American pessimism and gloom. Every time he promises "better times" the Stock Market has a near-panic.

Mr. Henry Ford, whose vocabulary seems limited to "Work, Production, Sales, Markets," prophesies that in 1950 workmen will be earning £5 for a day of five hours' work in the United States. Consoling—but a long wait for those who have no work to-day.

Britain has a variety of "crises." India, Egypt, Unemployment, to mention but a few. Germany stumbles from one political or economic crisis into another. In Austria street demonstrations and political crises threaten to become regular phenomena. Pilsudski, erratic Polish dictator, has Parliamentarianism in Poland in one crisis after another. Russia has an unbroken crisis in its famous Five Year Plan of industrialization and collectivism in farming.

In Rumania it is a veritable merry-go-round of dynastic, political, and economic crises. Turkey has its financial and Kurdish revolution crises. France has a regular complex of "fears." Mussolini openly and frankly declares that the economic crisis in Italy may last three years yet. Spain had its dynastic crisis. Australia, the "empty continent," whose vacuum is an ever-present invitation to danger in that corner of the over-populated globe, is going through a serious financial crisis. Four revolutions, and the retirement of four Presidents, mark the crises in South America. Cuba has a tempest in the "World's Sugar Bowl," has suspended the constitution, and is temporarily being ruled by President Machado as Dictator.

Age, whose wisdom should be the distillation of knowledge and experience, is not meeting the situation. Youth is crowding it out, impetuously reaching for the reins in this Speed Age. The War is responsible for the annihilation of a great proportion of "happy medium" leaders, who now might have kept the world balanced through this phase of chaos.

*PRINCE TAKAMATSU IN WARSAW: The brother of the Mikado and his bride, Princess Kikuto, have arrived in Poland's capital. The Prince is seen leaving the grave of the Polish Unknown Warrior after having laid a wreath. On his left is the Chief of State, M. Piskov*

# The MARRIAGE of the DATU'S Daughter

## A Philippine Wedding Recorded by A. E. LILIUS

*(Special Correspondent to "The Sphere" in Malaysia and the Far East)*

THE BRIDE: The little fourteen-year-old daughter of the Datu, resplendent in gold brocade, gold bracelets, gold crown, and gold pendant

THE BRIDAL BED: On this reposes the dowry in paper, gold, and silver. Counting the money occupied the guests for some time

THE FIRST PICTURE EVER TAKEN OF A PHILIPPINE BRIDE: Flanked by her bridesmaids the bride sits on a divan. It is by custom forbidden that any man shall see a bride in her ceremonial dress before the arrival of the groom, but the lure of obtaining a pictorial record of his daughter's red-letter day outweighed tradition, and the Datu allowed Mr. Lilius to take the photograph from which this picture is reproduced

There was to be an elaborate wedding at Parang, near Jolo, in Sulu, the southernmost part of the Philippine Islands. A Moro *datu*, chief of royal blood, was to marry his only daughter to another *datu's* son.

For three days or more the wedding was to last. For three days the guests were to feast, be merry, and dance.

The Governor of the province, James R. Fugate, took me there in his car, a distance of about 15 kilos. from the Sultan's old capital, Jolo. For many a kilometre before we reached Parang we could hear through the jungle the *a-gongs*, *go-gangs*, brass cymbals, and the *kuling-tangans* working overtime, and occasionally the deep boomm-boomm-boomm of the big tom-tom. When we finally reached our destination, the long row of *nipa*-houses—bamboo-houses with palm-leaf roofs, built on wooden piles out in the water, as is the universal custom on these latitudes—the noise was deafening. The guests were merry indeed. They screamed and laughed and the hubbub was general. They danced on the sandy beach and in the coco-nut grove in front of the bride's house to the accompaniment of all their instruments, one or two dancers performing their grotesque antics within the narrow ring of their yelling admirers. There was a clown too. Wearing a red-and-white painted mask and brandishing a mock sword, he was always the centre of the merriment. He stood on his head or imitated other dancers to the delight of the onlookers.

In the meantime food was served to the hundreds of guests who had arrived, invited or uninvited. Many bullocks had been slaughtered, and the bride's father walked about in his embroidered tight breeches, the carved side-arm in the vari-coloured belt, a gaudy turban on the head, and the gold-buttoned jacket covering his muscular naked body, all the time chewing betel-nut and looking immensely important. After all, it was his day, too, as much as the bride's; to-day he could display all his wealth to the world.

Loud music in the distance stopped everything for a short while. The bridal bed with the dowry was arriving, carried on the shoulders of a dozen men; it was richly decorated with peso-bills and gold and silver money. It was guarded by four armed men, all relatives of the bride; others would not do. A tiny bridesmaid, not over ten-years-old, gorgeously dressed in silk and gold brocade, was sitting in the bed together with her attendants—quite a heavy load for the bearers. There was a hush in the crowd. Everybody was counting the money.

The procession stopped on the beach in front of the bride's house. A salute was fired by the armed guards to disperse all the evil spirits who might have assembled to mar the future happiness of the bridal pair. The little bridesmaid was then carried along the shaky board-walk leading into the bride's house far out in the water. She was escorted by all her female relatives, who brought the bride presents.

In the meantime the little bride—she was only fourteen—had her eyebrows plucked, her face thoroughly white-washed, and two black streaks drawn across the forehead as two grotesque eyebrows. Here I was accorded the unique courtesy of being led into the bride's room, where no man is allowed to see her before the wedding. But my camera proved too irresistible, and the proud father asked me to photograph the girl

The bride's dress was made of heavy gold brocade. She wore gold bracelets 6 in. wide, a gold crown adorned her head, and a big moon-shaped pendant—it, too, was hammered out of virgin gold—hung in a heavy gold chain from her neck. Her lips were stained with red betel-nut juice, and jingling ornaments glittered in her ears. She did not move nor utter a single word. She was waiting in silence for her bridegroom.

She never acknowledged my greeting. In all her silent dignity, in all her splendour, she looked to me like an Oriental goddess, a dream queen.

The bridegroom would arrive later, after dark. And finally the *imam* would enter the house of the bride, who would be led before him by her father. The *imam* would now ask her in a loud voice—three times—whether she was willing to marry the bridegroom, but she would never be allowed to answer this question herself, her father replying as is customary in Moroland.

Now the *imam* would take the bridegroom's right thumb between his hands and read the marriage ceremony. This over he would lead the bridegroom up to the bride and place the young man's hand on the forehead of the bride, a sign of "ownership."

And after this there would be feasting for three more days.

THE GUESTS FETCH THE BRIDEGROOM: His arrival is heralded by flutes and "a-gongs," and he is preceded by a long procession of his friends afoot or on horseback

GUESTS, INVITED AND SELF-INVITED: A wedding in the Philippines is by way of being something of a public show rather than a mere private ceremony

*A MOUNTAINSIDE TERRACED BY HEAD-HUNTERS: A scene in Central Ifugao. The figures in the foreground are those of the ex-head-hunting engineers*

# 14,000 MILES *of* STONE WALLS

The rice-terraces built on the mountains of Ifugao by the head-hunting tribe in the North of Luzon in the Philippines

*WHERE MAN HAS IMPROVED ON THE LOVELINESS OF NATURE: A terraced mountain, shining with water, which recalls some modernist art*

One of the greatest monuments to human toil ever constructed is the labyrinthine system of rice-terraces built by the wild Ifugao tribe of northern Luzon in the Philippines. Originally a sea people, the Ifugaos were driven back into the mountain fastnesses of Luzon more than 4,000 years ago according to anthropologists of the Philippine Bureau of Science. Suddenly finding themselves in a strange and hostile environment in the midst of mountains reputed to be the steepest in the world, these sea-rovers set to work at once to conquer the environment and to provide a livelihood for themselves. They succeeded. To-day they rank among the most prosperous tribes in the Philippines and are still at work pushing new rice-terraces into the jungle. There is hardly a spot of level ground in the whole of Ifugao large enough to build a house upon. The mountains rise up sheer for a mile or more, and rushing torrents roar through the narrow gorges between the ranges. The soil is fertile and water is plentiful, but there are no level places suitable for growing rice. Therefore the Ifugaos have been forced to make their own fields by terracing the steep mountain walls. For 4,000 years they have been at work at their stupendous task, clearing the forest, digging into the rocky mountain sides, and using the stones to build walls to hold the soil in place. They have completely changed the face of Nature, and there are to-day over 14,000 miles of stone walls encircling the mountains of Ifugao. They have brought down the streams from the high peaks and diverted them into their terraces in an irrigation system that has no parallel. In many places tunnels have been constructed to carry entire streams underneath the terraces and around jutting mountain slopes to less well watered regions. The Ifugao culture is highly developed, and their social system is based upon the practice of head-hunting. The tribe is divided into sixty-three clans, each of which resides in its own valley. Many of these valleys are so inaccessible that the people have never taken the trouble to climb out and down into the neighbouring valleys. Inter-clan head-hunting persisted until twenty years ago, when rigid measures were taken by the American authorities to stamp the custom out, but men still work in the fields with keen-edged head-axes stuck beneath their gee-strings.

A VERY SMALL BOY IN A VERY LARGE CAR: Romano Mussolini, the sturdy little son of the Duce, wants to try his hand at the wheel

# EUROPE'S WAR PSYCHOSIS (I.)

## MUSSOLINI'S *Rifle-shaking* BLUFF

The First of a series of penetrating articles on the Post-War Situation on the Continent by the frankest and most daring of International Journalists

**FERDINAND TUOHY**

There are four ways of arriving at conclusions in Italy to-day. Keeping an observant eye. Reading as far as possible *through* the Italian newspapers. Using such intuition as one may have been allotted. Searching out unbiased resident neutrals such as British and Americans. It is worse than useless to go near any Italians, high or low. The thirty per cent. who are reputed to be actively *pro* the Fascist regime will either talk Roman glory or consider you with embarrassing suspicion. The sixty per cent. of Italians who are similarly listed by the unbiased as "not caring a hoot one way or the other so long as they are left in peace" will refuse to speak on the principle of keeping their hands out of hot water. The remaining ten per cent., constituted of anti-Fascists who have not joined their million *fuorosciti* brethren in France, will take you into dark corners and tell you that the Duce is the devil incarnate.

I went to Italy with the sole notion of trying to find out how far that country was practically able to go to war this year, next year, any year within measurable distance.

Well, one thing I learnt in Italy was this: that if young General Buonoparte sallied forth from Toulon in 1794 to conquer Italy without a centime in his pocket either to wage the campaign or pay the troops, the day for that kind of warfare is over. The Italy of Signor Mussolini, in the year IX of its reborn era, has not got the money to join militant issue with France, nor is there any reasonable likelihood of her acquiring sufficient before the closing period of this decade *unless general continental disintegration sets in.* This is a governing "unless" to which it will be necessary to revert more than once.

Fascist Italy is in a strange, possibly unique condition as a political entity. Its political situation among the nations is good to a point of excellence. Things seem to have steadily happened in its favour. While I was in Rome a fresh stone was laid in the achievement of the difficult marital union with Bulgaria. Earlier in the year the daughter of the Belgian king had become identified permanently with Rome. Albania is as good as an Italian dependency. Between Mustapha and Mussolini firm relations have been established, leaving a not unfriendly Greece jammed now between three pro-Fascist countries. Hungary is in direct touch with Rome. Berlin and Vienna are toying with the notion of going Fascist, and even if they don't, can be listed definitely as leaning to the Duce's regime. The other day the indefatigable one of the Palazzo Venezia signed a preferential tariff with Moscow, which may have considerable consequences economically and therefore militarily, in the long run. At the same time Mussolini is able to contemplate Britain as "a neutral—a friend standing out." And he can afford, while paying hard, to indicate his small regard for the United States.

All this is a remarkable diplomatic performance, and there is only one reason for it—the genius in European affairs of the leader himself, whose unceasing out-of-sight scheming appears to be up to the highest standard of Italy of the Middle Ages.

But when one turns to a second sphere, the financial and economic one, much, very much indeed, is undone. Here the all puissant one has failed. Possibly mortal man could not have done otherwise, but that is beside the point. I have rows of figures here which I have no intention of inflicting upon you; enough that they were inflicted on me by a keen American, than whom there are no keener students of International finance. The Americans have refused loans—which tells almost sufficient in five words—and one learnt that next year is going to be a tremendously difficult one for Italy, where £157,000,000 of Treasury bonds are outstanding and will have to be tackled one way or the other.

"THE WAY TO ROME": A study of Fascismo by Antonio Barrera, shown at the International Art Exhibition, Venice

In addition, vast obligations such as the Morgan Loan have to be met. That is why Italy "is stalling in the construction of her ships. She can't afford to build any except the very latest up-to-the-minute ones, and is searching, searching night and day with the best scientific and engineering brains for some invention, some discovery which might put the vessels of other Powers out-of-date and mean the equivalent of vast sums to Italy."

Of last April's naval appropriations for 42,900 tons, not a ship has yet been completed (such money as has been spent has gone into Sicilian naval bases), so that this coming year, if the naval race with France is really to be "on," Italy must find sufficient money for *two* naval programmes. All this is perfectly well known in Paris, and accounts for the stubborn refusal of France to yield a millimetre to "the pretentions of Rome." France knows that money wins wars nowadays and that Italy hasn't got any. A large percentage of the latter's population lives from hand to mouth in the hills; in the towns there is a polish and show of funds. There are only 400,000 unemployed. But even so, the industrials, who feel they were rather left out of the Corporation's plan, are lukewarm towards the regime, while the bankers have latterly shown themselves so tepid that big words about their rapacity have gone forth from headquarters where the Leader has been obliged to exchange Signor Giurati for Signor Turati as Secretary of the Party because the former is more friendly with big finance.

In parenthesis, therefore, the idea that the Duce is financing Hitler's millions may be ruled out. He is financing King Zogu only in return for permission to keep hundreds of Italian officers in Albania. And here an interesting circumstance may be mentioned; the explosive point for "that next war" lies on Lake Scutari—hardly a hundred miles from Sarajevo! One half of this lake finds the Italians in full military possession; the other half shows the Yugo-Slavs rehearsing behind barbed wire which extends into the water. Really, this confounded area ought to have been barred from mortal settling!

When one considers what Fascism could put into the field against the magnificent army Weygand is perfecting, once again the adherent of fact must shake his head on Italy's account. Here are figures for the four-armed forces of the Peninsula:

*Voluntary Militia for National Security (Black Shirts).*

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|---|---|
| Officers (of whom 1,029 on regular duty) | 25,091 |
| N.C.O.'s and men (none on regular duty) | 337,341 |

(The latter are in part civilly employed and many are of poor physique.)

*Permanent Special Militia* (railway, forest, postal, highway, the Black Shirts the tourist mostly sees):

| | |
|---|---|
| Officers | 1,804 |
| Men | 26,114 |

(These are mostly of good appearance and physique and a large number are war "veterans" with decorations.)

*Army.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Officers (regulars) | 18,935 |
| Carabinieri officers (regulars) | 1,300 |
| N.C.O.'s (regulars) | 19,265 |
| N.C.O.'s (Carabinieri, regulars) | 13,220 |
| Carabinieri (regulars) | 36,525 |
| Average number of conscripts | 220,000 |

*Colonial Forces* (nearly all coloured except officers).

| | |
|---|---|
| Officers | 1,165 |
| Other ranks | 30,000 |

Grand total: 730,660, of whom one in 14–15 is an officer.

Given that the personality of the Duce must have changed much in the spirit and tenacity (in which he was greatly lacking) of the Italian as fighting man, it is hard to see how the French have much to fear for years ahead in view of the lie of the frontier and the money for perfect equipment that rests in Paris.

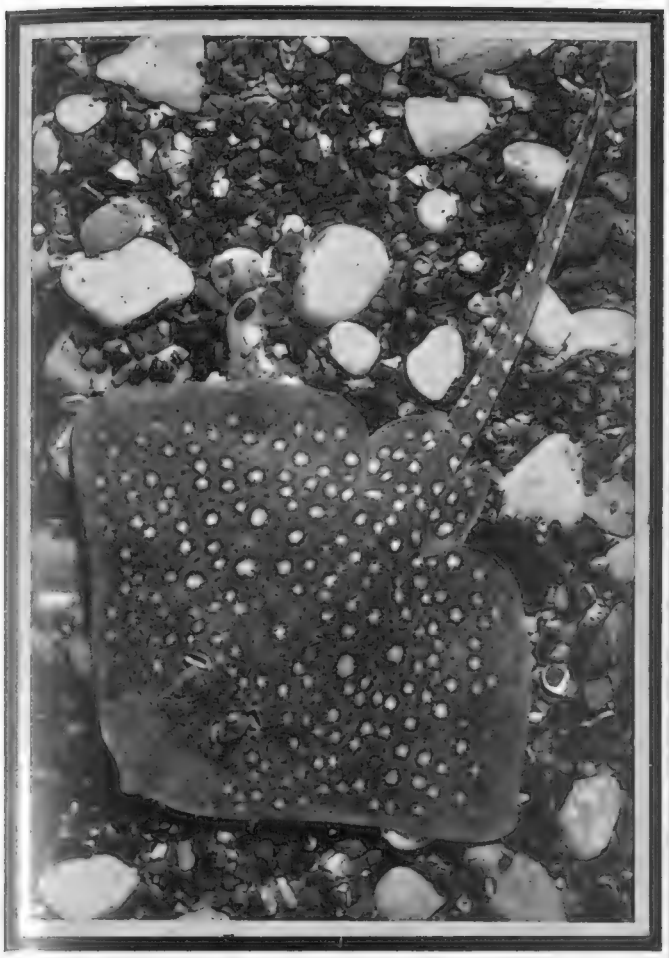
Italy could conceivably maintain a bayonet strength of 750,000 based

(Continued on page 146)

"IL DUCE AMONG FASCISTS READY TO FIGHT": A picture, inspired by the sabre-rattling speeches of Mussolini, by Tommaso Casella, at the International Art Exhibition, Venice

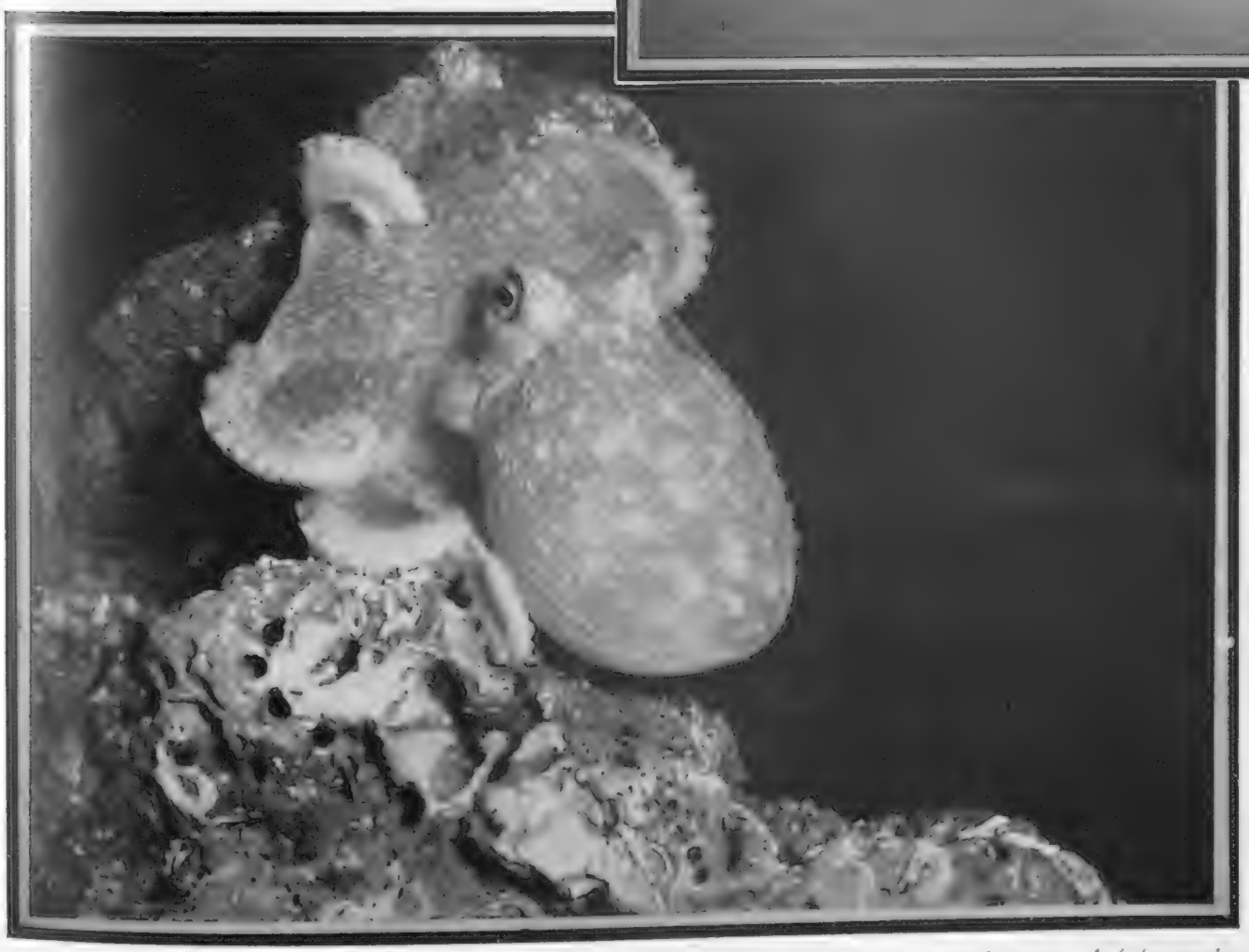
# "MORE FISH *in the* SEA. . . ."

*Three Unusual Piscine Studies*



THE THORNBACK RAY *(Raia clavata)*: This species is one of the most important food fishes trawled in Devon and Cornish waters. It feeds on small crabs and similar creatures. Behind the eyes are the spiracles or breathing-holes. The picture was taken in an aquarium tank by flashlight by DOUGLAS P. WILSON

THE TELESCOPE FISH *(Carassius auratus)*: This is a sub-species of the goldfish and derives its familiar name, telescope fish or telescope carp, from its enormous and protruberant eyes. The picture was taken by PAUL UNGER



THE LESSER OCTOPUS *(Moschites cirrosa)*: This species is the commonest octopus found in British waters. It is frequently caught in the trawl on the fishing grounds off Plymouth and is also taken in lobster-pots. The suckers are visible on the coiled tentacles. The picture was taken in an aquarium tank by flashlight by DOUGLAS P. WILSON

# Old London Revealed

## *in the Creation of a New Metropolis*

A CRANE THREE CENTURIES OLD: Demolition now in progress at Rotherhithe has brought to light one of the first cranes used by the Port of London Authority. The huge wooden wheel of this primitive contrivance is seen above. It has a diameter of about 8 ft.

A RELIC OF OLD LONDON: A hollowed-out trunk of an elm tree, used, apparently, as a well-shaft, was discovered 20 ft. below the surface of the ground during the excavations at the Commercial Road, Southwark

THE RIVER FLEET: Wooden steps which led down to the ancient stream from which Fleet Street derives its name, and part of the wall of the Friary of Whitefriars, found during the excavations for the foundations of the new Lever House, Blackfriars

AN UNWANTED OLD LONDON DOCK: Limehouse Basin, through which the tea and wool clippers of last century crowded into the West India Docks, has received its last ship from London's river, and by the autumn will be filled in and become solid ground. Thus vanishes one of the two original entrances to the oldest docks in the world. Men are seen above at work driving piles into the basin, which will be eventually filled up level with the walls

PALACE STONES FOR DOORSTEPS: The paving-stones from Buckingham Palace bought for Uxbridge houses by Kenton builders despite American opposition

# "OUR KING, MARIA THERESA"

By Jan Van Meytens

According to the "Pragmatic Sanction," the momentary relaxation of *La Loi Salique*, Maria Theresa, the only child and heir of Emperor Charles VI. was the first woman to rule Austria. Her reign lasted from 1740 to 1780, a rule marred by the Silesian seizure of the great Fritz and starred by the famous chivalry of the Hungarian nobility. On the occasion of the 150th anniversary of her death there is a most interesting exhibition to be seen now in forty-seven apartments of the Summer Castle in Schönbrunn. It was here the Empress spent the greater part of her life; here she governed her people with love and justice. Many objects used by her personally are shown in the beautifully furnished State rooms. The walls are covered with pictures of the Imperial woman, showing her by the side of her husband or among her children, all of them dressed in historical costumes made of stiff silk ornamented with priceless laces. Several tables are laid and covered with magnificent porcelain, crystal, and ornaments of pure gold and silver. In closed glass cases, many manuscripts, documents, and private letters may be seen. E. V. L.

*A FOE OCCASIONALLY FATAL TO LIONS: Oryx in Northern Nasi, Nyeru, Kenya Colony*

The oryx seen in the upper picture is a powerful antelope which has horns sixty inches and more in length and as sharp as needles. He can be formidable if wounded, and indeed cases have been recorded of his having killed lions, the two being found dead together

# DENIZENS *of the* WILD

*Recorded by C. Claude Wilson*

*A MOTHER OF JUNGLE: A rare picture of a cow bison in the Nilgirri Wynaad of Southern India*

The bison, or more correctly Indian gaur, seen below had a newly-born calf in the grass beside her. It was probably only her fear of leaving it that prevented her from attacking the photographers. They had followed her exceptionally large, solitary track all day under the impression that it was that of an old bull. Needless to say, beyond being photographed she was left in peace.

CECIL ROBERTS
*Writes on*

# FEUDS *and* ADULATION

## In Biography: and Other Literary Matters of the Week

*A BRILLIANT BIOGRAPHICAL FAILURE: Mr. Gordon Craig, whose work on Henry Irving is carefully considered on this page*

Here is a book by Gordon Craig, the wizard of the theatre, *Henry Irving* (Dent. 15s.). He has written about Irving in the hope of doing justice to the memory of a very great actor. It has been his wish to make this book a perfect one. As the son of Ellen Terry, and as one who entered into the service of Irving himself at the age of seventeen, there can be no one better qualified than Mr. Craig. Yet he has failed, perhaps because he is too competent and masterful. Irving does not walk the stage in this book; we have in his place rather a wilful, opinionated Gordon Craig, angry about many things, indignant, often rightly so, and at moments insufferably dictatorial. This book, admirable in so many ways, protests too much. Its hero worship blinds the author to all legitimate objections, and in his desire to defend his master the pupil goes out of his way to pull the noses of any who dare to doubt.

I do not know at what period and upon what point Mr. G. B. Shaw crossed Mr. Craig's path. Something that reckless giber must have said or done has gone deeply into the skin of Mr. Craig. He loses no opportunity of attacking the dramatist. There is something of a hint that Mr. Shaw was unable to appreciate Irving from that day early in the former's career when the actor rejected his play, *The Man of Destiny*. I have no illusions about G. B. S. His infallible journalistic instinct, united with a total mental instability, has made him the grand acrobat of the modern stage. I doubt whether any one of his plays will be remembered twenty years after his death, or even ten. They are addressed to the hour and will die with the hour, for nothing is so quickly forgotten as mere mental agility undisciplined by loyalty to any faith. But all this said, Mr. Shaw is a considerable figure in the modern theatre, and not his severest critic could regard him as a nincompoop, which is the rôle in which Mr. Gordon Craig would have us accept him. Why, in a book on Irving, obtrude this personal feud? Even if G.B.S. did put his fingers to his nose when looking at the great Irving, does it matter much? Hasn't Mr. Shaw been doing that all his life?

There is a splendid enthusiasm in this work. It is a passionate defence of a man whose mannerisms established a school, whose personal character was so strong that Irving was the theatre, and was the whole profession as long as he lived. Mr. Craig regrets that Irving founded no school of acting, but surely he did? Could one ever doubt, for instance, where Sir Martin Harvey learned his art, to name one among several? To-day when it is thought that great acting must not seem like acting, when the spoken word has to be delivered as if it were overheard, and actors are taught to ignore the existence of the audience, the manner of Irving is out of mode. I am in complete agreement with Mr. Craig when he insists that acting should always be recognizable as acting, that the audience should be made aware that it is being acted to. The modern actor is so occupied in passing himself off as a gentleman that he has forgotten how to behave as an actor, and the theatre has become a mumbling-ground for good golfers, whose lives are passed in one bad act after another.

Irving would have none of this. He was the theatre, the centre of it even to insisting upon the absolute subordination of his company. The world came to see an actor act. They were never left in any doubt that they were sitting in a theatre. He commanded, as Bernhardt, Kean, and Duse commanded, by the power of himself. All this Mr. Craig would have us feel. With less passion his pleading would have more persuasion. As it is, I feel that the author is constantly obtruding his own theories upon his central subject, the greatness of Irving. It could hardly be otherwise with Mr. Craig. He is a power in himself, and has not the gift of self-elimination, the first rule in successful biography. Nevertheless it is a book to read and be grateful for. In an age and mode when the blood of all the great Victorians is shown to be sawdust, Mr. Craig's god not only revives one's faith in supermen, he shakes our smug certainty that we are so immeasurably superior to our grandfathers.

Mr. Craig is now in London. When last I saw him, crossing over from Max Beerbohm's garden one summer afternoon, I found him in the deep shadow of a room shuttered from the bright Italian day. He sat seer-like, gently talking, while we looked out on the blue Mediterranean. There, in retreat at Rapallo, he had shaken off the dust of a foolish world. Perhaps this book is a sign that he is taking up the crusade again in our midst, happily for us, and for the English theatre. For here is a man with a definite point of view, with a passion to sustain it, as this book proves, and with a high tradition. Mr. Craig must not feel disappointed when I say that his study of Irving tells us more about himself than it does about his hero. That is because, like Irving, his personality is always dominant.

What! More of the Forsytes? I exclaimed on seeing Mr. John Galsworthy's new book, *On Forsyte Change* (Heinemann, Ltd. 7s. 6d.). I really felt I could not endure any more of this interminable family. It is not that I am ungrateful for the finest portrait gallery in modern literature, it is because I know how tiring these long galleries are, no matter how wonderful the masterpieces hanging before our eyes. And then I came to Mr. Galsworthy's humble apology for "one more intrusion upon a long-suffering public and still more long-suffering critics." And I felt indulgent when he pleaded "that it is hard to part suddenly and finally from those with whom one has lived so long." So, in a magnanimous spirit I began the book, which consists of a series of short sketches or footnotes on the Forsyte family. Well, after fifty pages, I felt a churl. Here they were as gracious, worldly wise, mellow, pert, smug, and shrewd as ever they were, with that smooth, graceful prose style that gives interest to the slightest of trifles. Whether it be young Jolyon asking questions about mummies, or old Jolyon ashamed of the neglect of his mother's grave, or George stirred by sexual frenzy, or James buying a big useless picture of dead birds, you are held unaware how slight is the thread that binds you in such absolute attention.

The other evening, seated only a few yards distant from Mr. Galsworthy, I found myself studying his baffling face. The stern, lawyerlike, Mussolini-browed photographs all lie. However much he contrives to look like a Lord Chancellor in the photographer's studio, in the flesh he is benign, smooth-voiced, and mentally deft. The struggle in his prose not to be romantic still goes on in his heart, and I have reason to know, escapes into his cheque-book. I have a similar feeling about the Forsytes. He has a desperate struggle not to be kind to them all, the fools and egtoists alike, and he does not pension them off because, I believe, deep in his heart, he goes on wondering how they are getting on. Is this really the end? The Forsyte family is a large one, healthy breeders all. We may live to see the great-grandsons, and our curiosity will be as great as Mr. Galsworthy's to know just how they are turning out.

Mr. H. W. Nevinson is a grand old warrior. With his white hair, red face, cold voice, and sub-acid mind, he is a man not to be overlooked. In everything he writes, as in everything he says, there is an independent mind at work, and one that has never ceased to be amazed at the human being and what it does on this planet. I spent many bitter days at his side, motoring over the devastated Western Front, and in those winter dawns the tedium of that long drive up to the lines, through mud and ruin, was lessened by this hero of a hundred battles in war and politics. No man was ever a severer critic of his own countrymen, no man ever loved them with a deeper passion.

Here, in *Rough Islanders* (Routledge. 7s. 6d.), he looks at England with those cold eyes of his, and with a mind continuously alert to injustice, analyses the English character and the English landscape. There is no living writer who can do it better, and this portrait of the English should survive. Read it and you will feel we are not so poor, nor so tired, nor so bound by tradition that we cannot hope for the genius of our race to solve the present problems as it has solved the past. This book should stand with Dean Inge's *England*. That survey, by a member of the Conservative middle-class, is finely balanced by this survey of one whose bias is towards the depressed sections of society.

Whoever George Preedy is or is not, and I have made one guess in these columns, he or she has a mind that works naturally in the historical vein. Here, in *Bagatelle* (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.), the author presents a collection of stories, all laid in the eighteenth century, but covering various episodes, countries, and Courts of Europe. The variety of the scene, the ease and richness of the setting, constitute an astonishing *tour-de-force*. There are moments when I feel the author becomes a little too lush with his prose poetry, but there is never a moment when I feel he has lost the grip of his narrative. Read *Bagatelle*, the story that gives its title to this excellent collection. It is the tale of a Magyar count, a libertine, a tyrant, who wished to add to his collection of Chinese objects a Chinese woman. It reveals the complete downfall of a low character that is still capable of responding to beauty. More fantastic still, more bizarre and enchanting, is the story of the little lady, Miss Pettigrew, who alone confronted a prince, come to sack a town, who spared it, for one flower that perished.

The scene changes constantly. Verona, Rome, Florence, Salzburg, Karlsruhe, Madrid, Mons, wherever George Preedy carries us, we are on a field bright with actions, where trumpets blare and men and women fence with lust, wit, and money in the bagatelle of life. I am constantly reminded of Maurice Hewlett by these studies. There is the same poetry and extravagance of idea, perhaps there is a better historical grasp, a lighter use of scholarship.

I have so great a respect for Mr. G. K. Chesterton that it is with sorrow that I find myself increasingly unable to understand what he wishes to convey. In his *Resurrection of Rome* (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) there are plenty of epigrams—"many an American millionaire fills larger and larger palaces with his fatigue who once filled a little frame-house with his energy"—but in vain do I attempt to find Mr. Chesterton's point of view. He was received by the Pope and Mussolini, and it is a little pathetic to find so sturdy a democrat making the usual apologies for the apostle of force. But then it is customary for men to admire in foreign countries what they would not tolerate at home. Mr. Chesterton, having made up his mind to like Signor Mussolini—when you are a guest how can

(*Continued on page 146*)

## briefly commended

There are so many good books and too few quiet hours. But it may be that an attack of influenza will increase the allotted bed hours. Here is a consolation list:

**Dark Trails, by** *George K. Cherrie.* **(Putnam. 15s. net.)**—The well-known naturalist tells some unique adventures.

**Christina Rossetti, by** *Mary F. Sandars.* **(Hutchinson. 18s. net.)**—A centenary memoir, excellently done.

**King and Other Things, by** *Hugh Chesterman.* **(Methuen. 5s. net.)**—A book of deliciously saucy rhymes on historic characters.

**Wordsworth, by** *C. H. Herford.* **(Routledge. 6s. net.)**—The best of the short Lives.

**Sea and Jungle, by** *H. M. Tomlinson.* **(Duckworth. 15s. net.)**—A reprint, with charming illustrations, of an established book.

**Some Sussex Byways, by** *Viscountess Wolseley.* **(Medici Society. 15s. net.)**—A beautiful addition to Sussex lore with exquisite colour plates by *Garnet Wolseley.*

**Comments and Criticisms, by** *The Hon. Sir John Simon.* **(Hodder and Stoughton. 8s. 6d. net.)**—A collection of speeches and articles, reflecting aspects of international imports by one of the acutest minds of the day.

Seven Novels, worthy of the book list. **7s. 6d. each.**

**His Majesty's Shirt Sleeves, by** *Pousse Caillaux.* **(Blackwood.)**—Historical.

**A Woman on the Way, by** *John van Druten.* **(Putnam.)**—Modern.

**I Walk Alone, by** *Kathleen Wallace.* **(Heinemann.)**—A Chinese idyll.

**Refreshment, by** *Dion Clayton Calthrop.* **(Hodder and Stoughton.)**—Domestic comedy.

**Trumpet in the Dusk, by** *Gene Flower.* **(Jarrolds.)**—American realism.

**The Man Who Made Gold.** **(Arrowsmith.)**—A new Chesterton-Belloc combination, quite mad, quite lovable, and not to be loaned without a promissory note.

**Come to Think of It.** **(Methuen. 6s. net.)**—Another collection of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's sprightly weekly essays.

**Collected Poems of** *Katharine Tynan.* **(Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)**—Every lover of good poetry must possess this book.

# The CALL

*Beauty Spots of Eng*

*AUTUMNAL SUNSHINE: Al-fresco lunch at Camber*

*THE SWEEP OF THE M*
*Dartmo*

*A BEAUTY SPOT OF THE WEST: The Cheddar Gorge, ever a motoring resort*

*REDOLENT OF THE CONQUEROR: Pevensey, b*
*motor-run from a variet*

*WHERE THE SAXONS WERE SHATTERED: Old Hastings, an unusual aspect of the popular resort*

*IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: The line of cars en route to Lamberhurst, near Tunbridge Wells*

# of the OPEN ROAD

*and to which the Car you buy at Olympia can take you*

*OORS: The rolling and solitary Country above Widdecombe, where rises in the south of "Red Devon"*

*IN THE HEART OF THE SURREY HILLS:*
*A cart-track serves a car near Dorking*

*a few short miles from popular Eastbourne, is a favourite afternoon's of South Coast resorts*

*MODERNS AND A PREHISTORIC MAN:*
*"The Long Man" at Wilmington presented to the nation*

*OLD CORNWALL: The attractive old-world settlement of Polperro, near Fowey*

*A SCENE OF ANCIENT SMUGGLING: An aspect of Camber, near Rye, on the Dover coast*

# "AS A BOWL OF CLEAR WATER"

**China's Appreciation of the British Administration of Wei-hai-Wei and Her Regret at its Recent Evacuation —— and Other Oriental News in Pictures**

*GIVEN BACK TO CHINA AFTER A GENERATION: The Bund at Port Edward, Wei-hai-Wei. The Chinese presented the Commissioner, Sir R. F. Johnston, when he handed over the territory to the incoming Chinese administrator, with a bowl of clear water as a symbol of the purity of the British administration. The residents requested that the strong and clean British rule should not be withdrawn*

*WITHIN THE WALLED CITY: A street within Wei-hai-Wei leased by Britain at China's request to balance the German seizure of Kiaochau and the Russian grip on Port Arthur. The merchants and people regret the withdrawal of the British Power*

*BURNED BY THE REDS: One of the foreign missions razed in Chengsha, capital of Hunan Province, when it was occupied by Chinese Communist troops. A city of half-a-million people, Chengsha was destroyed by forces which professed their orders came from the Third International, Moscow*

*MEDICAL EXAMINATIONS IN JAPAN: Girls at the Mikawadai Primary School, Azabu, Tokio, undergoing examination. They were given light athletics to tone up the system*

*A CHINESE VICTIM OF MOSCOW: A large five-storeyed missionary school burned in the capital of Hunan Province, Chengsha, a city of 500,000 souls, almost razed to the ground by invading Red forces acting under orders they believed came from Moscow*

*HONOUR TO THE DEAD: The naval and military leaders of Japan visited the shrine in Akasaka, Tokio, to pay their homage to the memory of the great patriot, Field-Marshal Nogi, who committed* hara-kiri *with his wife nineteen years ago*

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# The SPHERE of TRAVEL

## PARADISE IN PORTUGAL

*Estoril, where Sands and Lovely Weather Combine to Create a Paradise for Children, and Every Comfort and Convenience Conspire to Make for the Mature a Resort where can be Achieved Rest without Dullness*

Estoril. That is its name.

Almost unknown at present save to the elect—the connoisseurs of climate, comfort, and cooking—Estoril will soon be the familiar resort of that cosmopolitan crowd which is ever on the *qui vive* for new delights of scenery and surroundings, new adventures in foreign lands and new experiences in life.

All these await those who, like the birds, turn to the south when the mercury in the thermometer warns them that winter with its murk and gloom, its fogs and rain, its frost and snow, is at hand, and that days will go by when the sun, bereft of its warmth, may not be seen for days at a time.

Even those who, at this season, through that habit which is second nature, instinctively label their luggage for the Riviera of France or Italy should be tempted to consider this ideal spot on the sun coast of Portugal, for it is blessed with a climate far superior to that of the Côte d'Azur.

While the winter temperature of Cannes, for instance, varies between 40 deg. Fah. and 54 deg. Fah., that of Estoril, under similar conditions, ranges from 52 deg. Fah. to 60 deg. Fah., according to observations made during the last ten years. Not only, therefore, is Estoril appreciably warmer, for its lowest winter temperature is nearly as high as the average highest at Cannes, but its thermometer's range is only half that of its French rival.

These climatic advantages are due to two facts, viz., that Estoril is some 300 miles farther south than the French Riviera and that a branch of the Gulf Stream flows close to the coast, thus rendering the ocean so warm that bathing may be enjoyed in a beautifully clean sea all the year round.

Moreover there is nothing like the unhealthy mistral in the invigorating breeze which comes across the Atlantic, giving new energy to the jaded, fresh vigour to the tired, and a recrudescence of health to the convalescent.

Add to this a sky as blue as that which hangs over the Mediterranean, a sea so clear that it recalls the witchery of the description of De Vere Stacpoole of the pellucid depths around the islands of the Pacific or the Caribbean, and reveals the fish as they come greedily in their thousands to snatch any morsels of food thrown to them by holiday-makers on their yachts; add, too, a sun bathing in its silver light the dense masses of verdure, of cedar and acacia, of palms, pine groves, and eucalyptus-covered hills, as well as the lovely gardens whose flowers yield a vision of unforgettable beauty, and one willingly endorses Byron's famous lines:

"It is a goodly sight to see
What Heaven hath done for this delicious land!
What fruits of fragrance blush on every tree,
What goodly prospects o'er the hills expand!"

This prodigality of beauty proves Estoril to be what a well-known writer has called it "the ideal spot in the south of Europe."

Situated on that point of the Portuguese coast round which the ocean-going liners turn to Lisbon, Estoril is comfortably reached in from three to five days by these splendidly-appointed steamers at a cost, first class, of only £10. The distance can, however, be much more expeditiously covered by rail, for the Sud-Express from Paris runs directly to it after leaving Lisbon, which is only fifteen miles away.

This proximity makes Estoril the natural playground of Portugal's capital, whose select Society not only week-ends there in winter but during the summer converts it into another Lido where men and women can lounge the live-long day in their bathing-dresses on the sun-warmed sands.

Just as man cannot live by bread alone so he cannot exist by feasting his eyes on the beauties of nature, no matter how great they may be.

Recognizing this fact, the Conscript Fathers of Estoril have already endowed it with an attractive casino, where the excitement of gambling holds out its lure to those who find pleasure in a flutter at

*"REVELRY BY NIGHT": Within easy access of Estoril is the fascinating capital, Lisbon, where all the amenities of civilization are at hand. This ballroom is at Maxim's*

the tables, for roulette, baccarat, boule, and other games are played, with a magnificent park yielding at every turn views of unexpected beauty over land and sea, with a golf course, tennis court, theatres, cinemas, pigeon-shooting, and all the other usual amusements which make the hours pass pleasantly for the visitor.

Not content with these, the authorities backed by the financiers, are keen on further improvements, with the result that it was only on the last day of August that the newest and most modern hotel, the Palace, was opened.

A landmark in the town, with magnificent public rooms and delightfully comfortable suites and bedrooms, furnished with all the conveniences the fastidious demand, the Palace is worthy alike of its name and its cuisine, which in the variety, the quality, and the cooking and service of its meals leaves nothing to be desired.

As at the other hotels, pensions, and villas which receive guests, the visitor's comfort is in truth the first consideration, and, thanks to the favourable rate of exchange, he can live at a price which will seem ridiculously cheap in comparison with that at other winter resorts. About £1 a day will cover the cost of a room and food at the best hotels, while even that sum can be easily cut down to half at some of the smaller establishments, and to less than a third in the houses where boarders are received.

Would the visitor keep house, villas can be rented quite reasonably, servants can be obtained at a wage of a few shillings a week, and food can be purchased at an incredible cheapness; a melon as large as a man's head, for instance, costs only 4d. or 5d.

A facet of the local life, at once interesting and picturesque, is furnished by the fact that the vendors of certain commodities like turkeys drive their flocks before them down the streets so that the householder may select the particular bird he desires and have it prepared for the table, thus securing its absolute freshness.

Not less attractive than Estoril itself is the country round. It literally teems with objects of interest, both natural and created by the genius of man, that call the visitor with an insistence which refuses to be denied.

Among them are Cascais, at one time inhabited by the Moors and later occupied by the Romans. It is noteworthy, too, as having been the birthplace of Alfonso Sanches, the discoverer of America before Columbus or Amerigo Vespucci, who gave the continent his name, set foot on what was then a new world. Moreover, during the visit to Portugal of his late Majesty King Edward VII, a great festival took place there, as it also did when the King of Siam and President Loubet visited Portugal.

Other expeditions may be made to Parede and to Carcavelos, where some old mansions add distinction to the estates; and Cintra, which justifies Byron's grandiloquent phrase, "a glorious Eden."

All the country round Cintra is exquisitely beautiful, and the buildings are notable, even in a neighbourhood where notable buildings abound. Conspicuous among them are the old royal palace with its Arabian dining-room and its various halls, including one which is credited with being unsurpassed in the world, and its magnificent paintings and tapestries; and Pena Castle, in one of the rooms of which are still preserved the copies of *The Tatler* and *Black and White*, the latter now incorporated with The Sphere, which the ex-King Manoel was reading immediately before he left the palace.

Reached by a splendid motor-road or by electric railway in half-an-hour, Lisbon offers that endless variety of interest and entertainment which the visitor expects to find in the capital of a country, while those who still delight in jazz can find at Maxim's something of the splendour and all of the abandon to be seen in American motion pictures in the best examples of its exotic vitality.

Those valetudinarians in health who have to combine medical treatment or the hope of cure with respite from the inclement weather of their winter home will find in the Estoril bathing establishment a spring of medicinal mineral water where such diseases as rheumatism and gout, with their allied conditions of sciatica and neuritis, diseases of the blood system, of the stomach, and intestines, as well as certain skin disorders and ailments peculiar to women and children, are treated with the most encouraging success.

In addition, all the modern healing adjuncts in the way of heat, light, massage, and electricity combine to make this hydropathic establishment as complete as can be found in any part of the world.

*THE PORTUGUESE RIVIERA: A panoramic view of Mont Estoril, the sun-kissed coast hard by Lisbon, whose attractions are indicated in the accompanying article*


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*BATHING ALL THE YEAR ROUND: Two of the great attractions of Estoril are its genial climate and its clement sea. The sands are a paradise for bathers and children*

# SHOWS AND AUTRES CHOSES

## *The Prince of Humour and His Verdant Court and an International Success that Fails to Grip*

BY HENRY SHEREK

There is no trick in telling a clever and amusing story and getting a laugh, but it is something else to see a play, laugh your head off, and after it is all over, realize that you have been taken in by a lot of foolishness that could not possibly have made the least bit of sense, based on one of the most ridiculous stories even authors of farce can invent.

This difficult feat is being performed by those two High Priests of Comedy, Leslie Henson and Sydney Howard, in the new farce at the Strand Theatre called *It's a Boy*, which Austin Melford has adapted from a German original, and the willing victims of this joyous prank were as bright and cheerful a first-night audience as I have seen this theatrical season.

Miss Kyrle Bellew, having again taken over the tenancy of the Strand Theatre after a not very successful period during which the theatre was sublet to Mr. George Grossmith, seemingly sent henchmen in all directions to discover the brightest green paint that ever was, which she then had lavishly daubed on every visible piece of wall in the interior of the theatre. She then imperiously waved her hand and all the boxes at the back of the dress-circle disappeared and a newer and brighter Strand Theatre raised its proud head.

I presume she next cogitated as to who was the funniest man in England, and thought of an old friend, Leslie Henson. She must then have meditated as to who were the *two* funniest men in England and thought of the "old firm," Messrs. Henson and Howard.

Perhaps I have put the cart before the horse, but I know I make no mistake when I say that our Miss Bellew is a very clever woman.

Arrayed in a large hat, she sat in a box on the first night proudly admiring the results of her handiwork, and the sight of respectable dowagers writhing in agonies of laughter must have assured her of her own wisdom, even if some of the ladies present were conscious of the colour of their frocks not being exactly in harmony with their brighter than bright surroundings.

The two German gentlemen who wrote the play must be very lucky, as the story is difficult to understand, and I feel that Mr. Melford could have written quite as good if not a better farce without using the very stupid original.

If anybody is expecting to get a clear elucidation of the story from this page I am afraid he or she will be disappointed, as I, in common with most of the audience, found difficulty in following its thread, although I did not actually resent there being a plot as it provided plenty of excuses for bringing the two principal comedians on the stage at frequent intervals. For ten glorious minutes it served to show them dressed as nebulously-aged females. Leslie Henson, funnily enough looking very much like Delysia, smirked and coquetted all over the place, showing quite a pretty leg, whilst Sydney Howard, dressed with becoming austerity, showed great dignity and disapproval of these flippancies.

There seems to be quite a vogue for comedians to dress up as women, as Bobby Howes has considerably livened up the second half of *Sons o' Guns* by appearing as a beautiful vamp, and Jerry Verno is gallantly keeping the flag flying in *Eldorado* as a South-American heiress.

Connie Ediss comes back to us in *It's a Boy* and is as pert as ever, whilst Marjorie Brooks made the female part of the audience gasp because of her frocks, and the male members catch their breath because of her looks and figure.

Austin Melford had little to do excepting to look puzzled and sorry for himself, although, as the author, he should be the reverse, and the intervals were considerably enlivened by a very good little jazz band, whose brightness fitted the play, the audience, and the surroundings.

As I had not seen the original production of *The Outsider* in 1923, I was particularly anxious to witness the revival at the Apollo Theatre, as my mind would not be warped by "odorous comparisons."

It is definitely a play to make one think, and excellent drama to boot, giving opportunity for as good acting as I have seen for many a day or night.

It tells the story of a beautiful but crippled daughter of an eminent surgeon being restored to her full faculties by a man whom the demi-gods of Harley Street had regarded as a quack, and, therefore, desired to extinguish.

I did not quite see whether the authoress of the play intended to show that all famous surgeons are fools, and non-qualified practitioners geniuses, or vice versa, but I am inclined to think that the former theory was meant. If so, this is dangerous propaganda, and might tend to encourage incurable sufferers to seek the aid of the many quacks who prey upon these unfortunates.

There are several faults in detail. For instance, it is unlikely that a man whose whole career depended upon whether or not he could cure a patient would wait until she rose from her sick bed in the presence of a committee of surgeons who were to be his judges, without seeing whether she could walk before the fatal test. Also, in spite of massage and electrical treatment to keep the muscles supple, it would be practically impossible for a patient to walk, after lying on her back for a year without any exercise whatever.

Isobel Elsom showed herself to be as fine an emotional actress as there is in English-speaking countries by her perfect rendering of the part of the cripple, and she looks as beautiful as ever.

The authoress, in a speech at the end of the first night of this revival, declared that her play had given London a new star in Harold Huth. London has already raised him to stardom by his fine performance in *Dishonoured Lady*, recently done at the Playhouse.

It is difficult to believe that this remarkable actor was a salesman of automobiles only a few months ago, and before his success at the Playhouse had only played a very small part in *Sorry You've Been Troubled*.

He gave a spirited interpretation of the part of the supposed quack going through all the gamuts of emotion from sincere tenderness to horrifying frenzy. He acted with amazing confidence, and had all the tricks usually acquired by a life-long experience in the histrionic art.

It was not easy to discover what the nationality of this character was meant to be. In one passage he showed strong anti-Semitic feelings, and mentioned that indulging in pogroms was a custom of his native country. Russia is the only country which shows a strong predilection for this gentle form of sport, and yet Mr. Huth portrayed the character both in make-up and action always as a Latin and never as a Slav.

As Norman McKinnel nearly always plays the part of a strong, silent man I have never visualized him as anything else. It therefore came as a pleasant surprise to me to see him portraying the part of the crippled girl's father with great tenderness. He gave a sensitive rendering which stood out because of its sincerity, in spite of the more applause-provoking rôles of the two main characters in this well-written play.

*THE HIGH PRIEST OF FARCE: Mr. Leslie Henson making his typical "goldfish" face at Miss Marjorie Brooks in "It's a Boy," the new laughter-maker at the Strand Theatre*

After these two fine exhibitions of the different extremes of what the theatre has to offer, *All That Glitters*, by Sydney Blow, at the Duke of York's Theatre, was a disappointment. It is innocuous enough in its way, but nowadays people want a little more than watching the gyrations of a group of people belonging to what is commonly known as the lower middle-class in a small seaside town, when these gyrations are only mildly amusing.

The play hardly pays this hard-working class a compliment, as it shows nearly all of them to be dishonest to the core, and to spend most of their time filching each other's possessions. The story appears to be hinged on the stealing of a ring by all and sundry, and the disclosure of their dishonesty by a faked spiritualistic séance. Who eventually got the ring nobody seemed to know, and as far as the audience was concerned nobody seemed to care.

The play gave an opportunity for Wilfred E. Shine to show us a carefully-drawn study of a Lancashire pawnbroker, and for Arthur Hambling to play the usual idiotic country policeman in a more than usually efficient manner.

At the end of the show the curtain was raised and lowered with great rapidity innumerable times. Probably incensed by this exhibition of energy an enthusiast shouted for the author, but Mr. Shine explained that he was not in the theatre.

Perhaps it was as well.

Some two years ago I saw *Topaze*, by Marcel Pagnol, in Paris, and thought it a good play, which appeared better than it really was because of brilliant characterization. Later I heard it had become a huge international success, which rather surprised me. I put it down to the fact that a very expert cast had been secured in every country in which the play had been so successful.

Mr. Benn Levy's adaptation of this gold mine has at length reached London at the New Theatre, and it hardly seemed possible that it could be the same play.

The whole theme was handled with almost pathetic slowness, and no character seemed to be certain how the play should be acted. Instead of being treated as pure satire it was rendered at one moment as farce, the next as intimate comedy.

The object of the story is seemingly to show up dishonesty in high places but not to condemn it; on the contrary, to make it the only possible virtue for anyone with sense.

A sublimely straightforward schoolmaster becomes the tool of a crook until he acquires the art of dishonesty himself, when he turns the tables on his master and inherits all the fruits of knavery, including his erstwhile chief's lady-friend, rich food, and fine clothes.

Raymond Massey did his best with his interpretation of the schoolmaster and earned some sympathy from the audience when he was badgered by his class of ill-behaved youngsters, but he failed to either retain this sympathy or to make the tremendous transition from extreme stupidity to great intelligence and business acumen convincing.

I had hoped that Mlle Delysia would instil the spirit of the French school of acting, which performs this type of play so well, into her part, but she bordered between farce and musical comedy. I understand she was suffering from laryngitis, so it would not be fair to criticize the fact that it was extremely difficult to understand what she was saying.

The reception was moderately enthusiastic, and Mr. Aubrey Hammond's scenery most effective, but the author will not be able to add a London scalp to the great number he has already acquired in most of the civilized countries and which now adorn his wigwam and banking account.

Perhaps we are not civilized enough to make a fetish of dishonesty and therefore do not sufficiently admire the play's fine moral. The cast did not permit us to see it as a satire, which was probably the author's intention.

# DRAMA

## LIGHT AND HEAVY

### "The Outsider" Revived at the Apollo: "Leave it to Psmith" at the Shaftesbury

FATHER AND DAUGHTER: Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Isobel Elsom in the revival of "The Outsider" at the Apollo

THE CALL: Mr. Sebastian Shaw as the young lover who does not love, Mr. Harold Huth as the quack who cures, Mr. Randolph McLeod as the great Harley Street specialist who can do nothing, and Miss Isobel Elsom as the patient, in "The Outsider"

THE PSYMPATHY OF PSMITH: Mr. Basil Foster in the rôle of the imperturbable Wodehouse character meets his fate in the sacred purlieus of the Morpheus Club in the person of Miss Jane Baxter beneath the sardonic eye of Miss Joan Hickson. It is to further this psentimental attachment that he masquerades as the Psinger of Psaskatoon

BLACKMAIL OF SUCCESS: Mr. Harold Huth, the brilliant manipulator, threatens Miss Stella Rho, whom he has cured, to induce her to assist in obtaining his official recognition

WHERE WERE THE DIAMONDS WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT? Miss Olive Blakeney, who alternates between Chicagoan and Highfalutin, passes the jewels to her 'side kick,' Mr. Aubrey Mather, who induces Psmith to engage him as a valet. The "venerable and boneheaded peer," Lord Middlewick, and his brow-beating Countess in the centre are played by Mr. Clive Currie and Miss Eileen Munroe. On his knee is Mr. Basil Foster as Psmith, behind whom stands the Efficient Baxter (Mr. Edward Chapman)

*Peter North*

MISS JANE BAXTER: The charming heroine in "Leave it to Psmith" at the Shaftesbury. The Wodehouse book has been considerably altered in its dramatization by the author and Ian Hay, but it bids fair to run for many a month

# THE WORLD OF WOMEN

A COMPLETE WEEKLY SECTION OF "THE SPHERE"
INCORPORATING A WIDE VARIETY OF FEMININE INTERESTS

## WORLD HINTS *for the* HOUSE

### Ransacking the Earth to Beautify the Home

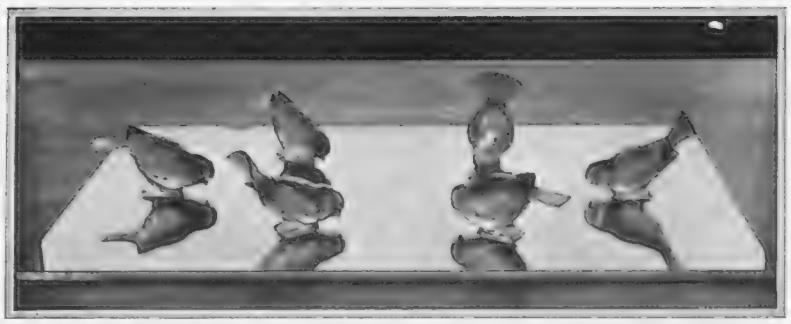
By H. PEARL ADAM

Decorative arts seem to occupy more and more a front place in people's minds. Although the exhibitions at Liége and Antwerp were concerned with such tremendous subjects as colonies, railways, ships, and machinery, I noticed that wherever possible somebody was exhibiting some object of applied art. It is rather pleasant to think that the idea of the home should be sprouting everywhere like this, just as grass will sprout in the crevices of palaces or the corners of factories if it gets even less than a dog's chance.

Even in the British Pavilion at Antwerp, which has been very strictly ruled by the desire to keep to the purposes of the exhibition, one or two pottery firms make a good show, and so the Belgian visitors seem to think, for the stands were crowded every time I was there. But of course, considering the subject, it is only natural to find that it is France who has managed to slip the most exhibits of this nature into these very serious exhibitions.

The Lalique dining-room is delightful, especially the table of solid glass with its eight glass pillars and his enchanting new table decoration, consisting of little glass birds which can be placed anywhere on the table; darling little plump things picking up invisible seeds, or looking at themselves in the glass of the table. His crystal ship is also very lovely, but I could hardly see it, even safe in its glass case, without an awful recollection of the ways of housemaids when dusting.

Michel Dufet has designed for the Bucheron a very amusing boudoir. Heavens what a long way we are from the days when a woman had satin sofas to sink into, lace hangings and shaded windows, and lamps giving the least possible light through their voluminous garments of silk and net and wreathed flowers. Of course there are more chairs than appear in the photograph, but do look at that good solid table and remember the gimcrack escritoire of those other days. This is particularly practical with its shelves at one end and its three hinged discs swinging out at need from under the table to give more room. The colouring is at once delicate and cheerful. It is carried out in polished zinc, and birch brought to a glass-like sheen by means of the wonderful new *vernis cellulosique*. The pale yellow of the wood is matched by the colour of the dull leather used here and there and also in the very pretty yellow and grey covers of the chairs. The curtains and walls are in grey and white artificial silk, and the paintwork and the carpet are pale beige.



The small glass sparrows picking up invisible seeds are a part of the table decoration by Lalique shown below

An amusing boudoir by Michel Dufet. The table, with its shelves and three-hinged swinging discs, is particularly practical

Porcelain Crusader chessmen fight against the Saracens. They were shown at Antwerp Exhibition and designed by Robj

There is a most amusing set in the Paris Show at Antwerp by Robj, in which all the pieces are figures from the Crusades. Of course the Crusaders are the white and the Saracens the black, but there are touches of bright pure colour everywhere, and the look of the board, when set out, is attractive to a degree. They are all hand-painted, and the folding board in which they fit when not in use is itself a lovely thing of rosewood and birch.

In spite of the increasing vogue for bare tables the use of napery will never go out of fashion, at any rate for the tea-table, and I fell in love with some exquisite French table-linen at Liége, table silk rather, for it is made in heavy crêpe de chine in pastel shades and white. On it are designs of fuchsias and vines *appliqué* by hand in a special process. M. Simonnot-Godard tells me there are only a few women in one district of France who know this process. The effect of it is exquisite. Apart from the floral designs, *appliqué* in white or pastel shades, or vice versa, I liked a tea-set in natural Shantung edged with bands of green, orange, yellow, and blue, each little napkin having a border of one of these colours. Of course this table silk is delicate but it washes like a handkerchief, and will last well if it has a kind home and is never sent out into the harsh world where laundresses live.

Among the other hints on domestic art to be gathered at the Belgian Exhibition I noticed some interesting dark grey glass from Czecho-Slovakia which I thought a little dingy on a white cloth but very amusing on a pale wood table. The Polish hand-woven carpets ought to interest collectors, as each one of them is different and every one is signed.

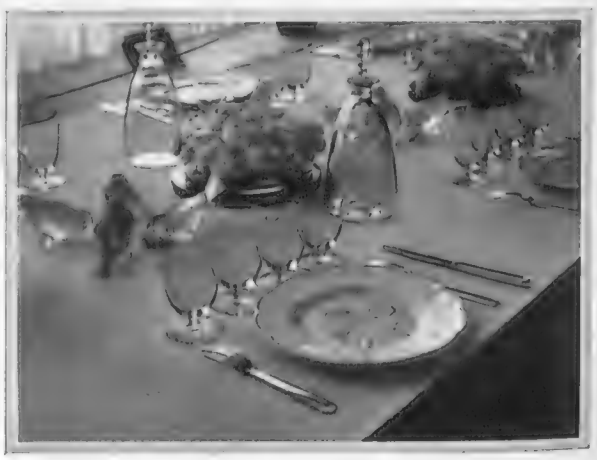
In the Spanish Pavilion at Liége are copies of old metal treasure-coffers set with jewels which would be a real find to people who want "something different" for their gramophone or their wireless.

As to anybody who wants gay socks, let him go to Venezuela. Never, never have I seen ankle-wear so merry and bright! And when a woman is tired of what Europe can produce in the way of shoes let her also go to Venezuela, revolutions permitting, where it seems they all have darling little feet and case them in something painted or something embroidered or something incrusted or something gilded or something gemmed or something . . . Oh! *là là!*

Lalique's dining-room as shown at the Liége Exhibition. The table is of solid glass. Note the beautiful crystal ship in the cabinet on the left

I have not really liked any modernist room till I saw this one, because it is not only elegant but cheerful, and unlike the usual suggestions of up-to-date artists, it looks as though it could be lived in without scolding its occupant every time she left a book about or dared to put anything so ordinary as a pen or a bit of blotting-paper on the table.

Chess-players never seem to want to be gay, or indeed to want anything at all except silence and a set of men; and so long as the men are of recognizable shapes they are quite satisfied. And yet the game has such a hold upon the imagination of the world that chessmen have been made in every form of precious material, as one can see in museums and antique shops.



This exquisite glass table-decoration is designed by Lalique, a typical example of the beauty and grace of line which this modern craftsman never fails to attain

# A-MOTORING

## —And the clothes

How vividly I remember those early days of motoring, days when the subject was treated with such gravity that even I, a child, was given special clothes in which to venture out on the occasions when I was allowed to go in the car. My outfit (of which I was inordinately proud) was exactly like that of a grown-up person, and consisted of a large, round scarlet cap as flat as a breadboard, with a peak stiffened to take a voluminous veil, and a white lamb coat lined with the thickest satin imaginable. Nothing less than a fur coat was considered warm enough a protection against the violent winds produced by the speed of ten miles an hour at which one drove if the car was going well.

To-day we take things in a more casual spirit and no longer require clothes "for motoring only." The increase of speed has, paradoxically, resulted in a shedding of heavy coats because of the fact that big cars are as cold-excluding as houses, while baby cars are warmed by their own little engines. All that is needed, therefore, for the driver of an open car is a good, thick (but light) overcoat that will do duty on other occasions as well.

Illustrated here are three top-coats that are admirably suited to this purpose. The leather coat from Burberry is of very soft oil-dressed nappa, as supple as fabric, with a straight collar of nutria fur that can be turned up for extra neck protection. There are deep pockets and straps on the cuffs so that these can be tightened to prevent draughts from whistling up one's sleeves. As everybody knows leather is a great wind excluder.

The neat-fitting tailored coat of oatmeal and brown Cumberland tweed comes from Bernard Weatherill, and being cut on the newest lines, would be useful for general country wear. The waist-line is high and shaped to the figure; the straight collar can be worn up or turned down, and the cuffs are treated with the importance that fashion demands. There is an accompanying skirt, if it is wanted, and I think that this would make a useful ensemble for "spectator sports" occasions as well as casual motoring.

When something extra warm is required no overcoat could be more comforting than the Studd and Millington coat of camel-hair. This is cut on classic lines, with the workmanlike air that sports clothes should have, and being made of coating and not fleece, does not create that disconcerting bulkiness of outline that thick fabrics sometimes show.

W. M. B.

*Below*—This well-fitting tailored coat of oatmeal and brown Cumberland tweed comes from Bernard Weatherill of Conduit Street, and is useful as a motoring coat as well as for country wear

*Below*—Cut on classic lines, this coat of camel-hair provides adequate warmth for the motoring enthusiast. Designed by Studd and Millington of Conduit Street

# *we will* GO

## we wear to travel

A leather Motoring Coat from Burberry of the Haymarket, of very soft oil-dressed nappa, with a collar of nutria fur that can be turned up for extra neck protection

The WORLD of WOMEN (cont.)

Pictures by PETER NORTH

# SUNBEAM

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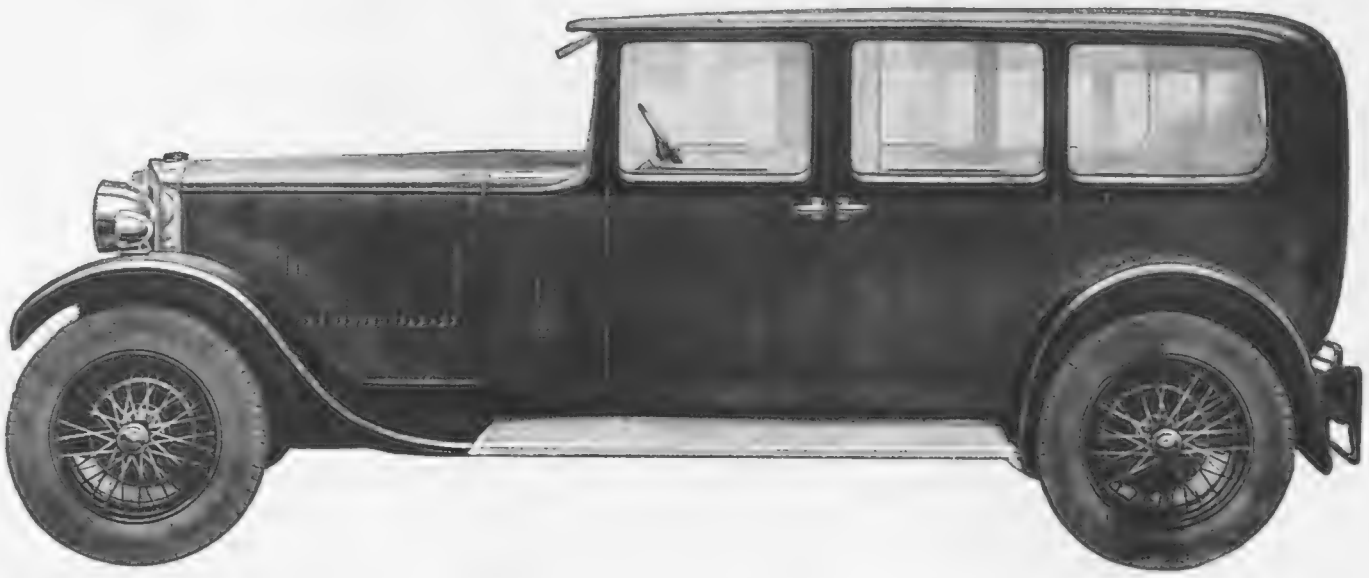

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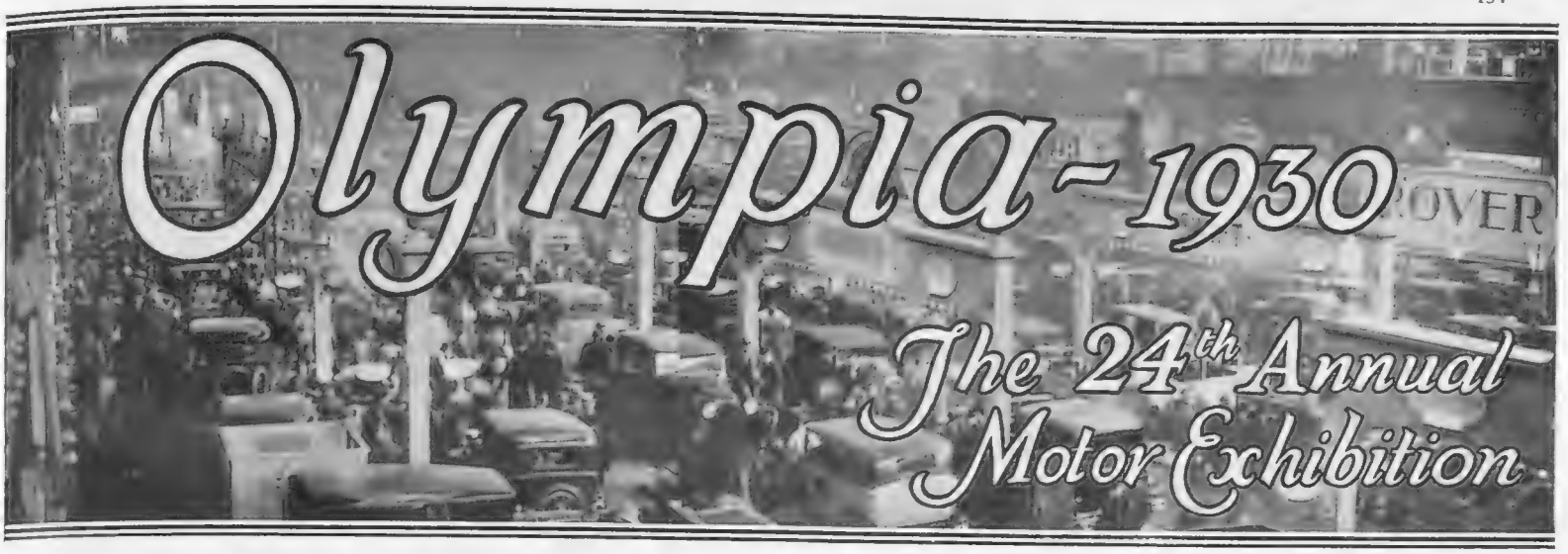


"THE SPHERE'S" SPECIAL REVIEW OF THE GREAT YEARLY EVENT IN

# The Petrol World

by A. Percy Bradley

*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands; Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere")*

***A LARGER SHOW.***—The 1930 Motor Exhibition at Olympia is now in full swing. In more than one way it differs from previous shows, but what makes it stand out on its own more than anything else is the greater accommodation for visitors and exhibitors. For the first time during a motor show the new wing, which is known as the Empire Hall, is available for use.

The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, who are the organizers of the Exhibition, have made full use of the additional accommodation, and the arrangements of the exhibits are as follows: Motor-cars in the Grand Hall, coach-work in the Grand Hall Annexe, motor-cars in the new hall, which is now known as the National Hall, and in the Empire Hall will be found the motor-boat section, with service and garage equipment on the first floor. It is very fitting that motor-boats should be shown at the Car Exhibition because they are obviously of greater interest to the car-owning community than to any other section of the public.

As regards the car exhibits there is nothing very sensational, in fact all the exhibits shown are of orthodox design. Unfortunately the Burney Stream-lined car, which would have been an undoubted additional interest, is not to be seen in Olympia. As regards the tendency of design I think I can safely say that Olympia shows that engines have an increased number of cylinders, that the chassis are built lower, that attention has been given to brakes, and that greater comfort and more complete equipment are available as standard.

***A TENDENCY TOWARDS LARGER ENGINES.***—For the past few years we have seen the number of eight-cylinder cars increased, in fact at the last Show 18 per cent. of the cars on view had engines of this description. In 1928 the eights were only 14½ per cent. As regards the sixes, in 1928 the percentage was 49½, and last year it had risen to 52½ per cent. There is no doubt that these percentages are even greater in this year's Exhibition. Coil ignition is also making rapid strides along the road to popularity. Engines are far more efficient, due to better design and to the use of new alloys which have recently been available to the makers.

In outward appearance power units are neater and cleaner, and every visitor will notice that radiators are higher, are nearly all fitted with thermostatically-controlled shutters, and in many instances a vertical line, usually chromium-plated, has been fitted down the centre. This of course has nothing to do with the workings of this important unit but has evidently been adopted to improve the front appearance of the car. In some ways it is a pity that firms copy each other in these small matters because they certainly lose considerable individuality in so doing. Clutches have not been altered to any great extent, no doubt due to their present high efficiency.

In the gear-box world there are a greater number of cars fitted with four forward speeds than ever before, and a large number of the exhibits will be found to have what is now come to be known as the silent third. The free-wheel, which received great attention when it was first introduced, died down for about a year but has now come to the forefront again, because a well-known manufacturer fits it as standard and places it inside the gear-box, where it undoubtedly has every possible chance of proving satisfactory. Visitors will note that wire wheels are more popular than ever and that there is a great variety of hubs. The manufacturers of wheels have devoted considerable attention this year to tidying up the centres, so that the holding-on bolts are protected from mud and rain, and these changes have also improved their appearance. Coming now to brakes, I find that those working hydraulically have gained in popularity. Although I have not been able to test some of the latest designs, I am told that many have been altered with a view to making them more efficient.

**A Glory of Devon:** Fingle Bridge, the most beautiful spot on the Teign. On the top of the left bank are the ruins of an old camp called Prestonbury Castle. Nearby is a well-known logan or rocking-stone. It is in giving to many the ability to visit such spots as this that motoring counts its greatest benefits to humanity

## THE MOTOR SHOW

*Admission Charges*

| | |
|---|---|
| **Thursday, October 16** | **10s.** |
| **Friday, October 17** | **2s. 6d.** |
| **Saturday, October 18** | **2s. 6d.** |
| **Monday, October 20** | **5s.** |
| **Tuesday, October 21** | **5s.** |
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| **Saturday, October 25** | **2s. 6d.** |

The electric equipment on cars is another item which has been revised and improved by a great number of makers. Very few cars are shown without some form of dimming or dipping device for the lamps.

In the coachwork in the Grand Hall Annexe will be found some of the finest specimens of coach-building ever seen in the world. On the stands of the various car exhibitors examination will show that the standard bodies sold by the makers of the chassis have improved immensely and represent almost unbelievable value for money. In the Annexe, however, we are able to see what our classic coachbuilders can really do when they are given a free hand.

In the galleries of the Grand Hall and of the National Hall will be found the stands of the various accessory manufacturers and dealers. I do not suppose there is any part of the Exhibition that is more popular with the public. A visitor almost becomes bewildered with the fascinating array of gadgets. A walk round these galleries is worth while even if a purchase is not contemplated, for on the various stands will be found many accessories which this year not only possess a flavour of novelty but which will become standard fittings on the cars that will be shown at Olympia in 1931.

***MOTORING ON WATER.***—In the Empire Hall will be found the motor-boats, and I venture to predict that no motorist will leave Olympia until he or she has made a close inspection of this fascinating array of water craft. No mistake should be made in thinking that only big cruisers are on view, because such craft as motor-punts, capable of giving pleasure on a lake or river, are on view and can be obtained for £50 or £60. For an additional £25 or more the motorist can purchase a two-wheeled trailer on which to tow the craft ready with its engine for launching.

In America the motor-boat habit has grown rapidly, and all the signs that can be read in this country show that its popularity is likewise commencing here. The cruisers should be carefully inspected because they are not nearly so expensive as the majority of people imagine. When it is remembered that an ordinary standard cruiser will sleep and accommodate four people comfortably, and therefore takes the place of quite a good-sized bungalow, the price asked is truly moderate. What is more, these cruisers are quite cheap to run, and no one can deny that travelling by this means is pleasant. It will be noted that the small four-cylinder engine of about 7 h.p., which occupies a small amount of space, has been used extensively in motor-boats. It will also be noticed that manufacturers have given attention to the silencing of these engines, which should certainly make them more popular.

My own opinion is that no visitor to Olympia can make a proper inspection of all there is to be seen in one day, and to those who are interested I therefore suggest that at least two visits should be made. This is well worth while because Olympia this year is probably the finest motor exhibition ever held in the world, and on no previous occasion has a motorist of this or of any other country been able to see so many cars emanating from every motor manufacturing country of the world grouped together in one building.

# HIGHLIGHTS *in the* MOTOR SHOW

## A Detailed Review of the Notable Exhibits at Olympia

### By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

**ROLLS-ROYCE.**—The Rolls-Royce stand is, as usual, a magnet which attracts every visitor to Olympia. These famous cars are universally regarded as the finest products of British engineering. They also represent the very last word in luxury and it is small wonder that visitors do not feel that their Olympian education is complete until they have admired the four exhibits.

It is interesting to note that there are twelve other Rolls-Royce cars on the stands of various coach-builders, but for the moment I propose to deal only with the company's own exhibits on Stand No. 58.

The Phantom II 40–50-h.p. chassis is shown in three examples, each fitted with a different type of body and all of them possessing such charm that it is difficulty to say that one appeals more than another. The Hooper four-seater Sedanca de Ville, cellulosed in ivory and black and upholstered in black cloth with silver-grey headlining, is striking and yet subdued. The price of this car is £3,054.

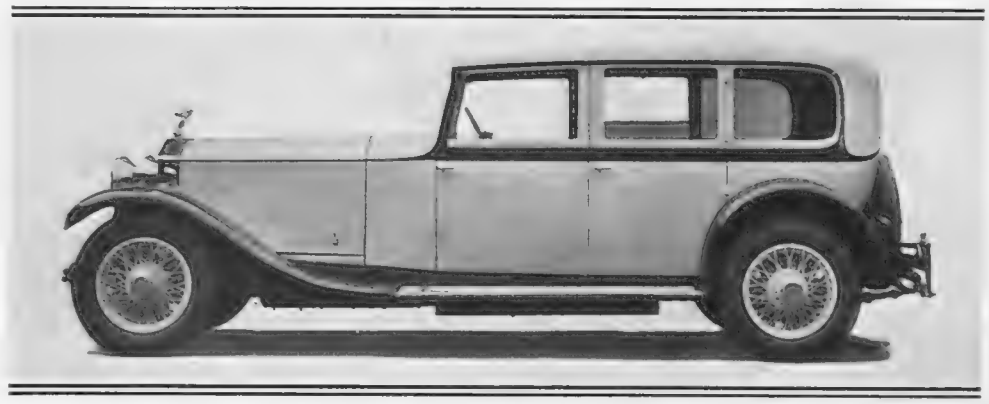
More suggestive of the open road and tours into places far away is the car fitted with Thrupp and Maberly special convertible tourer body. It is designed to seat four people including the driver and the colour scheme is carried out in two shades of red with red leather upholstery. This car costs £2,952.

The third example of the 40–50-h.p. chassis is carrying a six-seater enclosed limousine body by Barker. The price in this case is £3,018 and it is a car which one should first admire from a distance in order to appreciate to the full that harmony of line which results from the careful blending of a mechanical masterpiece and the highest degree of modern coachbuilding. Dark blue and black have been selected as the colours for this carriage, a fine white line being introduced to good effect. Closer inspection reveals that the upholstery is in blue leather of the finest quality, and that it is a roomy car in which the comfort of those fortunate people who later will occupy the seats has been studied to the last detail.

The remaining exhibit is the 20–25-h.p. Rolls-Royce with a Windover enclosed limousine body finished in black and with a white line relief as in the case of the model which I have just described. Although this is mounted on a smaller chassis, accommodation has been provided for six people. The complete car costs £2,141, of which £1,185 is for the chassis.

The Rolls-Royce policy for 1931 is a standardization of prices for the larger and the smaller chassis. Although practically unchanged, minor modifications have been carried out during the past twelve months in accordance with the usual Rolls-Royce practice. On the 40–50-h.p. chassis the carburetter, instead of being water-heated as in the past, is now heated by means of the exhaust, the object being to increase the rate at which this important component can rise to a proper working temperature. The leverage on the brakes has been modified to reduce the amount of pedal movement, with consequent improvement and driving comfort, and the road wheels are slightly less in diameter, which has resulted in the total height of the cars being rather lower than before.

On the smaller model the most important change is the lengthening of the chassis by 3 in. and consequent increase in wheel-base. It is now possible for more body space to be available, for still lower rake to be employed on the steering column, and these small but important modifications have permitted the car to be possessed of even better lines than before.



A very fine 40–50-h.p. Phantom II four-seater Sedanca de Ville cellulosed in ivory and black

**ROLLS-ROYCE**

The interior is finished in black cloth with a head-lining of silver-grey to complete this exceptional car

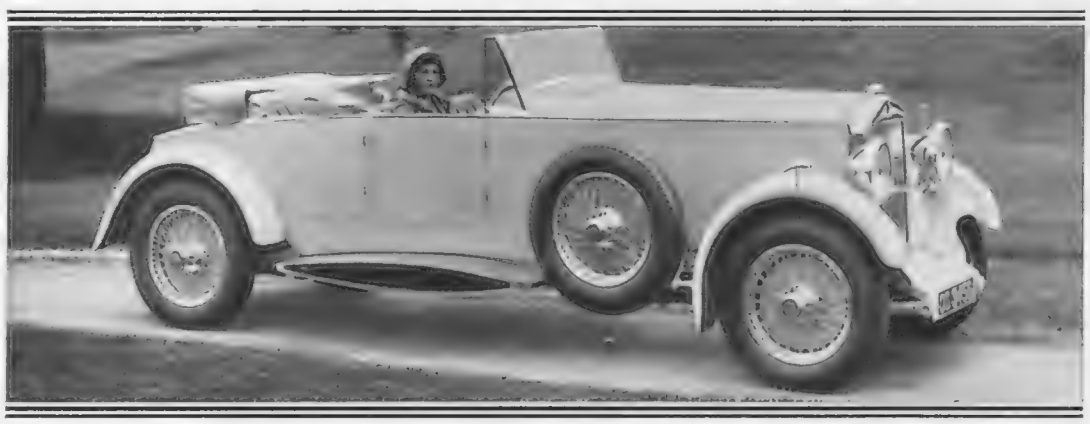
**LANCHESTER.**—It may be said that Lanchester cars are built for those people with whom super-excellence and durability are more matters of moment than first cost. For many years, in fact since the earliest days of motoring, the Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd., has produced nothing but the finest cars that it is possible for them to build. The company have pioneered many of the industry's developments, and Lanchester cars have always been built first with ingrained quality and refinement, the price being decided later.

For 1931 the Straight Eight and the 21-h.p. six-cylinder are being retained, and there are no radical changes from last year's programme. These two cars have been produced for several seasons and from time to time improvements have been made with the object of making something which has proved its worth an even better product.

The visitor to Olympia will find two of the Straight-Eight cars and one of the smaller models on the Lanchester Stand, and the interior of the Windover coupé de ville is something quite new and attractive, Florentine bronze being used. This body can be identified by the exterior finish, which is in two shades of brown.

Another of the Straight-Eight models is fitted with an enclosed drive limousine by Hooper & Co., and within it are the many luxuries which one might expect to find in a Lanchester-Hooper combination. The third car is the 21-h.p. six-cylinder chassis with an all-enclosed landaulette body. The predominating colour is blue, the panels are picked out with white line, and the head and wings are black. All the exhibits are cellulose painted and hand-polished afterwards.

It will be noticed that thermostatically-controlled radiator shutters are now a feature of the Lanchester and the head-on appearance has been improved for this year by the new fairing, the front face of which carries the number plate. These are visible improvements, but by no means represent the full range of the modifications which have been made. On the mechanical side, hardened cylinder liners have been adopted to give longer life and in addition to two normal gauze type oil filters, an oil cleaning device has been inserted in the system, and yet another filter of the magnetic type. I was particularly interested to learn that a newly designed exhaust box and pipe had given an increase of about 8 per cent. in power without in any way impairing the silence for which these cars are renowned.



A very striking 30-h.p. Straight-Eight Lanchester de luxe four-seat sports touring model

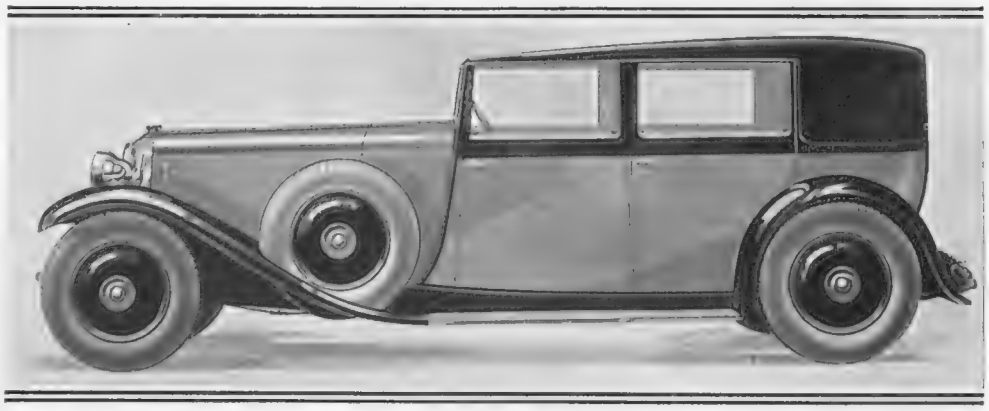
**LANCHESTER**

Seated at the wheel is Miss Nancy Lanchester, the daughter of Mr. G. H. Lanchester

**DAIMLER.**—Whether the visitor to Olympia contemplates purchasing a car or not he or she will be very foolish, and will lose much, if the Daimler stand is missed. The great attraction of this particular exhibit are the new double-six chassis with their fluid flywheels and pre-selective self-changing gear-boxes. Unfortunately the external appearance of both the flywheel and the gear-box conveys very little to the lay mind. We cannot help but remember that Daimlers were the first to introduce the sleeve-valve engine, which gave us a smooth silent power unit miles in advance of anything that was known at the time of its adoption. Other manufacturers immediately got busy and made frantic but quite unsuccessful efforts to silence the very noisy valve-gear that did duty in those days. In like manner the fluid flywheel, which is really nothing more or less than a hydro-dynamic device which replaces the ordinary clutch, will probably spur on competing manufacturers to great efforts in order to allow gears to be changed without the usual upsetting noises. By adopting this new device as standard the Daimler Company demonstrate their faith in its reliability and efficiency. By its use the driver can practically dispense with the gear-lever, assuming that a normal gear box were fitted, the reason being that the fluid flywheel, which, as I said before, is nothing more than a clutch, can be slipped indefinitely without injury to itself. Such a device would make any car interesting, but when what is commonly known as a self-changing gear-box is also part of the standard equipment, we have a chassis which is quite unique and is probably the most up-to-date exhibit in the Show. This gear-box allows the driver to select his gear in advance and then to change it just at the opportune moment without any fuss or noise. When such innovations are coupled with the very latest Double-Six engines the Daimler Company can boast that they are exhibiting cars which are incapable of making a noise.

In designing their new Double-Sixes the makers have paid special attention to obtaining a low centre of gravity, which naturally makes the car far safer than it otherwise would be, and at the same time adds to its general appearance.

Five cars are exhibited, two of them being Double-Six 40–50-h.p. chassis. Of these one is fitted with a very handsome Barker body. In addition two Double-Six 30–40-h.p. chassis with bodies by Hoopers and Windovers are on view, and the fifth is a 20–30-h.p. chassis complete with a Connaught enclosed limousine body.



One of the two 30–40-h.p. Double Sixes to be seen at Olympia in the Grand Hall

**DAIMLER**

The chassis specification includes the fluid flywheel and the pre-selective self-changing gear-box

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It is
**THE QUALITY**
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4 DOOR 4/5 SEATER SALOONS - - - - - *from* £195

Dunlop Tyres as Standard

*All-British*
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Makers of THE 'ENSIGN' SIX

THE STANDARD MOTOR COMPANY LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY

# HIGHLIGHTS *in the* MOTOR SHOW—(continued)

## Picked Out by the Editorial Spot-light of "The Sphere"

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

**HUMBER.**—There are six cars on view on the Humber Stand, and all without exception have closed bodies. So great has been the success of the Humber 16-50-h.p., the Snipe, and the Pullman, that they have been retained in the New Year's programme, in fact these three are the only models listed. Visitors, on examination, will note that many improvements have been incorporated. First of all a high velocity down-draught carburetter has been fitted, and this has definitely increased the power of the engine. At the same time there has been a considerable improvement effected in engine silence, all trace of "roar" having now been eliminated. The four-speed gear-box with its silent third has been retained, but it is now controlled by a lever placed centrally instead of on the driver's right hand as was the practice previously. Another important modification is the standardization throughout the Humber range of thermostatically-operated radiator shutters. Although it is not apparent to the eye the suspension and the brakes of all models have been improved. As regards bodywork it will be noticed that safety-glass is now fitted on all models, and the saloons have greater head-room and more width, whilst the provision of foot-rests also adds considerably to the comfort of the passengers.

Visitors should not miss the novel quarter lights on the saloon, as these are of a new design which allows them to open sideways, thus improving the ventilation of the interior without causing disturbing draughts. Prices have been definitely lowered and yet the purchaser of a Humber receives not only a better car than last year, but more of it in the shape of extra equipment.

There are two specimens of the 16-50-h.p. car, one a saloon with sliding roof selling at £435, and the other a drop-head coupé, the price of which is £450. The Snipe saloon is shown first of all with a fixed head, and, secondly, as a Sesame saloon having a sliding-roof and a drop-head. The prices of these two models are £485 and £535 respectively. The exhibit is completed with a very pleasing Pullman limousine, selling at £735, and a Pullman cabriolet de ville, made by Thrupp and Maberley, the selling price of which is £995.

The Snipe saloon is one of the three listed models retained in the new year's programme

**HUMBER**

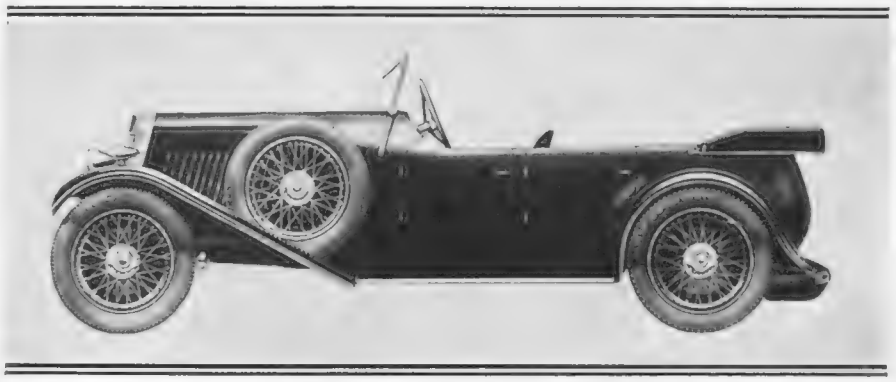
All models are fitted with thermostatically operated radiator-shutters, and the silent-third gear

The Vortic saloon to which Mr. Bradley gives pride of place on the Hillman stand

**HILLMAN**

Fitted with a central gear-change operating a four-speed gear-box, it has a speed of 70 m.p.h.

**HILLMAN.**—Although there are six cars on the Hillman Stand, I am inclined to give pride of position to the Vortic saloon, firstly because it is a new and a most attractive car, and secondly, because I have just completed testing it over a couple of hundred miles. As a result of my practical experience I can confirm all the claims that the makers make, in fact I think they underestimate the car's capabilities. I am told that in top gear it has a maximum speed of 70 m.p.h. By the speedometer it certainly travels at 75 m.p.h. This Vortic has a central gear-change operating a four-speed gear-box with a silent-third ratio. On more than one occasion I found that I was travelling along mile after mile on this third gear thinking I was on top. Making such a mistake more than once is fairly conclusive evidence that this third gear lives up to its name—silent. The engine is more than usually powerful, and can, as I proved, accelerate the car on top gear from a standstill on quite a respectable gradient. The brakes, the steering, and the suspension were all that could be desired, though personally I would prefer the lever controlling the hand-brake to be of greater length. Incidentally, this brake is a really good one and is enough regarding the Hillman Stand to make certain that no reader of these notes passes it by without examining the exhibits closely.



This 1½-litre Hyper-Sports supercharged four-seater T.T. model is sure to be a great attraction

**LEA-FRANCIS**

Many enviable successes have been achieved by this firm in the competitive sphere

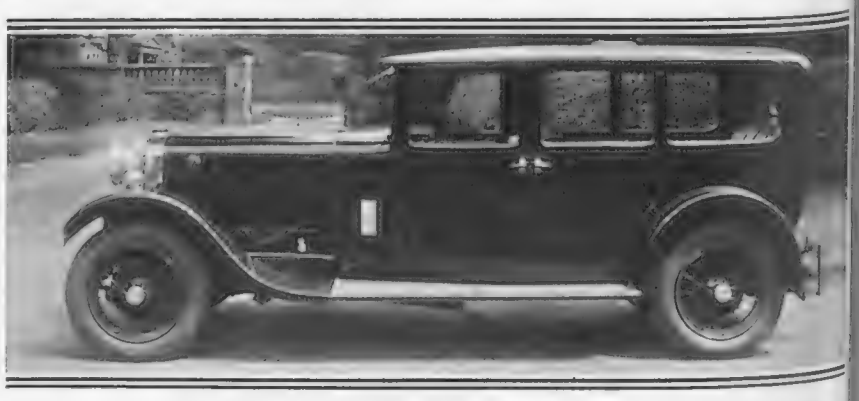
**LEA-FRANCIS.**—Lea-Francis products appeal particularly to the sporting motorist, and I cannot call to mind any other make which has been found in such profusion in the competition world. Incidentally many enviable successes have been achieved by private owners. The foregoing remarks should not, however, leave my readers to suppose that Messrs. Lea and Francis, Ltd., do not cater for the man who has no intention of participating in racing or strenuous competitions, for among the Lea-Francis range for 1931 there are cars which appeal to all tastes

The new 15.7-h.p. car is known as the Ace of Spades, and the reason for the adoption of this title is not without interest. The symmetrical front view of the engine when inverted, forms a perfect Ace of Spades, and it was this feature which prompted the producers to adopt this happy identification. In introducing this new car the manufacturers have sought to provide a car of moderate cost in which high speed, touring, and general running at modest speeds can be enjoyed to the full. The Ace of Spades is available as a coachbuilt saloon or a panelled saloon with fabric top, the price in either case being £495. The new model has a most interesting mechanical specification, and a big advance has been made in the design of the gear-box. This provides four forward speeds and is arranged in two compartments rigidly bolted together. In the rear portion first, second, and reverse gears of the sliding type are accommodated, the front section containing the third and top drives. These two are of the constant mesh type engaged through dogs which point towards silence and easy and quick manipulation.

The four-cylinder models, all of 12–40 h.p., are shown supercharged and non-supercharged, and the prices, ranging as they do from £325 to £595, prove that Messrs. Lea and Francis, Ltd., are able to interest practically every type of motorist.

**SUNBEAM.**—As usual the Sunbeam exhibit at Olympia is of a comprehensive nature; all the cars on view have six-cylinder engines and they range in price from £650 to £1,250. The selection consists of two 16-h.p., two 20-h.p., and two 25-h.p. cars. The first of the smallest model is shown with a four-seater, four light, three-quarter coupé body complete with sliding roof. It is finished in cream and upholstered in green hide. The design of this body is entirely new, and those that inspect it will agree with me that it possesses a refined appearance and is practical from every viewpoint. The second example of the 16-h.p. model is a five-seater coachbuilt saloon finished in two shades of grey and upholstered in fawn hide.

Before passing on to the other cars on the stand I would like to mention that this 16-h.p. chassis has now an improved design of engine, an hydraulic braking system, and many other mechanical improvements. The 20-h.p. Sunbeam is shown with bodies similar to those fitted to the smaller car; the three-quarter coupé is finished in cream and green and upholstered in hide to match. On this larger chassis this new type of body is seen to even greater advantage with the close-fitting wings, the oval step-plates, and the deep side-valances combine to make the car most attractive. The coachbuilt saloon is finished in a more sedate manner, but its fine proportions are bound to attract attention. The two remaining cars are 25-h.p. models, one having a Weymann enclosed limousine body and the other a coachbuilt enclosed limousine body. The first is finished in special black and fawn fabric, with brown hide upholstery. This car deserves special mention, and as its cost is £995 it represents outstanding value for money.



A 25-h.p. six-cylinder coachbuilt limousine with an exceptionally roomy body

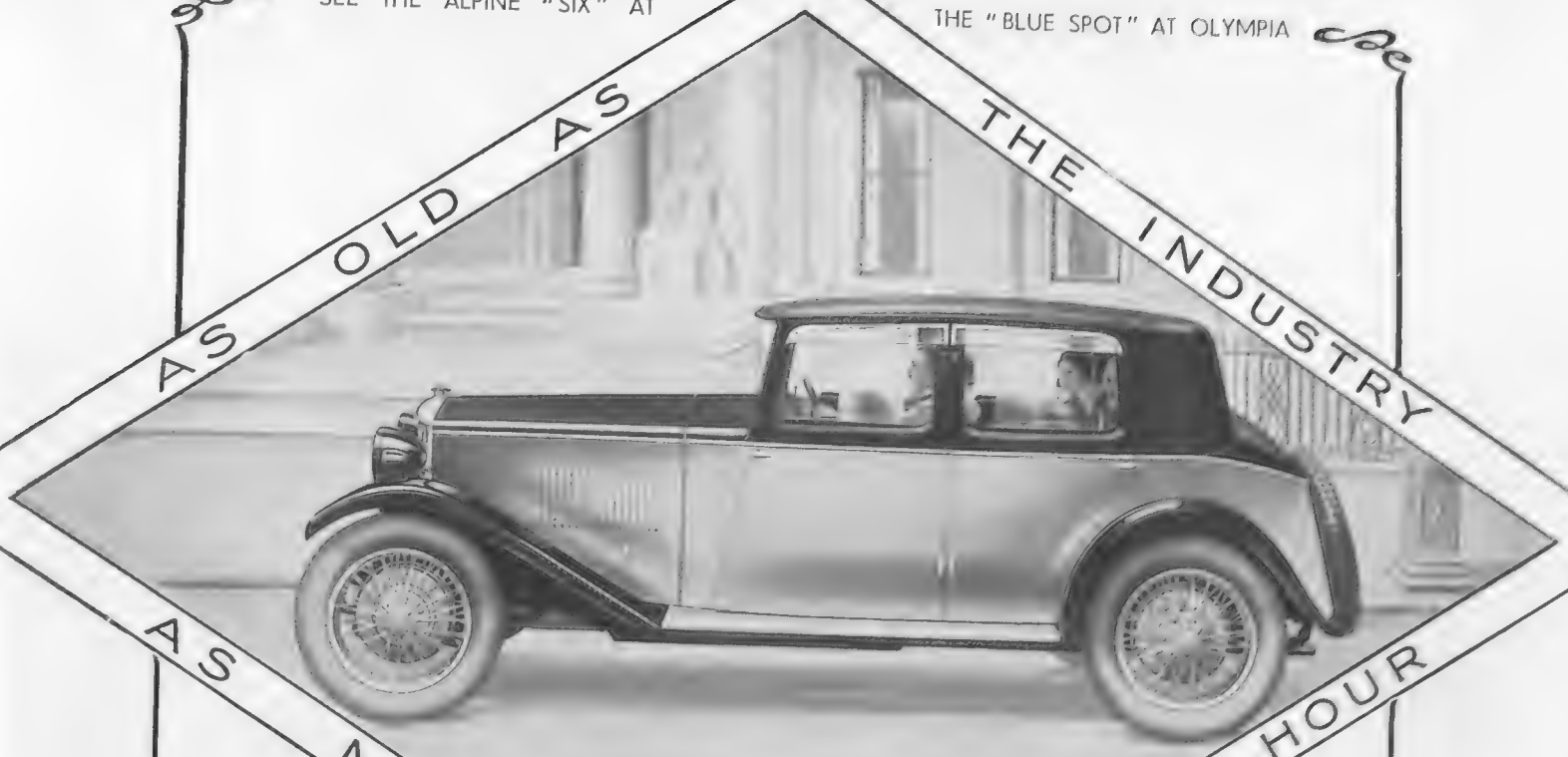
**SUNBEAM**

The rear compartment is provided with two occasional seats which fold into the division when not in use

The second 25-h.p. car is finished in black with appropriate upholstery in both the front and rear compartments. The seating accommodation is for seven persons, the occasional seats facing forward.

SEE THE ALPINE "SIX" AT THE "BLUE SPOT" AT OLYMPIA

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY



AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

# THE ALPINE "SIX"

*(The latest product of Riley (Coventry) Ltd.)*

*strikes an entirely new note in Motoring!*

It may generally be described as representing a successful combination of the characteristics peculiar to both the RILEY "NINE" and the RILEY "SIX" . . . . With a track of 4 ft. and a wheelbase of 9 ft. 6 ins. it can be handled with that ease which one only associates with the really easily controlled small car, yet there is ample room for four adults and a luggage compartment, built into the rear of the body, which provides full and appropriate accommodation for its purpose . . . . These advantages are coupled with the efficiency of the new Six Cylinder Riley Engine and result in a vehicle which excels in flexibility, high speeds and exceptional top-gear hill-climbing ability, *all obtained without any loss in its quality of remarkable smoothness* . . . . Designed and built in Coventry and tested in the Alps, this new car will set new standards in motoring.

**Six cylinders, £14 tax, four speeds, with silent third, stainless steel and lavish equipment, in full fabric or half-panel saloon its price is £365.**

*Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass standard.*

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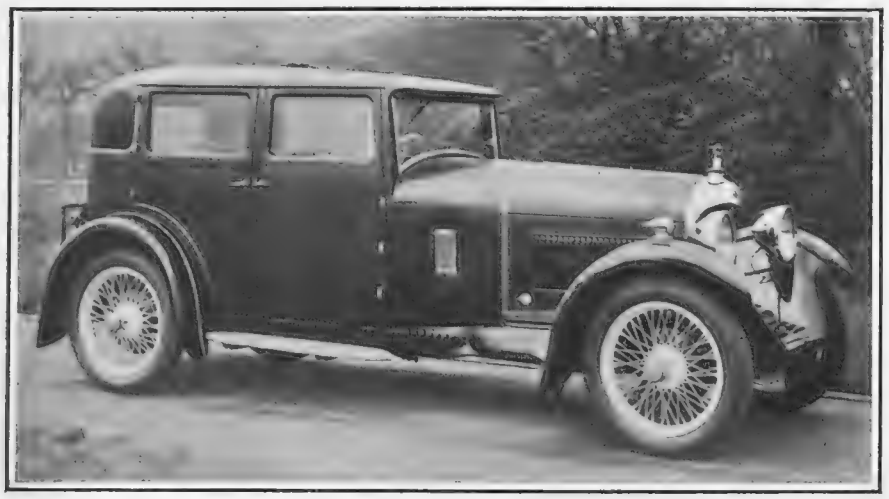


**CROSSLEY** The Crossley 2-litre fabric saloon, which features a twin-top gear-box, self-energizing four-wheel brakes, and chromium-plating

# CARS *to be* : : CONSIDERED

— A Tour Round the Motor Show

Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY

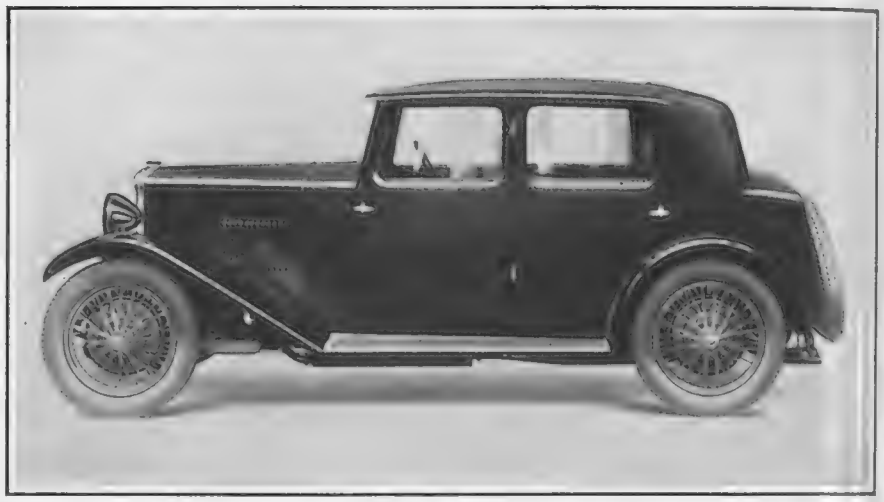
**CROSSLEY.**—Although the 1930 Motor Show cannot boast of anything completely startling, there will be found on the Crossley Stand an exhibit which is certainly novel. I refer to the new six-cylinder 23-h.p. six-wheeled limousine. It is the only vehicle of its type in the Show, and never before has a standard private motor-car with six road wheels been on view. This car represents the last word in luxury motoring, and it may well be that next year the enterprise of Crossley Motors, Ltd., will be copied by other manufacturers. On the same stand will be found a particularly attractive exhibit in the shape of one of the new 15.7-h.p. Silver Crossleys. In this instance the car also makes its first bow to the public. Although new it has been thoroughly tested, not only by those responsible for its manufacture, but it has also passed through the hands of the various motoring experts and a large number of exacting private owners. Without exception it has met with instant praise. The particular model on view is a blue *de luxe* saloon, upholstered in leather of the same colour. Among its special features are a twin-top gear-box, self-energizing four-wheeled brakes, chromium-plating, and safety-glass. Visitors will notice that an entirely new radiator has been fitted. There is also on the stand a coachbuilt sportsman's coupé finished in black. Close by is a 2-litre sports saloon finished in black fabric with green wheels and wings. Two examples of the 20.9-h.p. Super-Six Crossleys are shown, one being an enclosed limousine and the other an enclosed landaulette. The former is finished in blue and the latter in maroon. It is interesting to know that both H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales are owners of Crossley cars of this type. The engine has six cylinders with a bore of 75 mm. and a stroke of 120 mm. The seats have been specially designed for comfort on long journeys, and the auxiliary seats fold neatly into a specially-designed cabinet when not in use, so that they are completely hidden. Needless to say in a car of this quality safety-glass is fitted throughout.

**RILEY.**—The three distinct types of Riley cars for 1931 are exhibited on Stand No. 81. Two of them have six-cylinder engines, the other being the well-known and now much-improved Nine. The latter, as in the past, is available in standard or special types, the difference between these being largely a matter of performance.

Dealing first of all with the 9-h.p. four-cylinder models, these are shown as the Monaco saloon at £298, the fabric four-seater similarly priced, and the Biarritz saloon at £325. The larger cars comprise the 14-h.p. Alpine Six shown as a half-panelled saloon, as an all-fabric saloon, and as a drop-head coupé, the price in each of these three instances being standardized at £365. The remaining exhibit is a six-cylinder 14-h.p. Stelvio II saloon which costs £398.

I do not know whether the improved 9-h.p. car or the Alpine Six is the more interesting of the two types. The smaller car has been such a firm favourite with many thousands of motorists since its introduction a few years ago that its devotees will find it most fascinating in its new form. Underlying the many mechanical improvements which have been made for 1931 is the satisfactory knowledge that the car is still the Riley Nine. The grouping of the chassis lubrication system beneath the bonnet, the moving of the petrol tank to the rear of the car, the provision of finger-tip control and stainless steel finish for external bright parts only make this product more attractive. Added to these items is the benefit of Weymann coachwork, and one can only applaud the fact that all these luxuries have been provided for the future without any increase in price.

The Alpine Six, which is a development of the Nine, has been finding favour during the past season, and one may confidently predict a keenly interested body of people admiring this car throughout the Show and certain of enjoying ownership in the near future.



*Below* — The new Riley Nine Monaco saloon. The petrol tank has been moved to the rear of the car and finger-tip control has been introduced **RILEY**


OLYMPIA MOTOR SHOW

STAND

123

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*By Appointment to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales*

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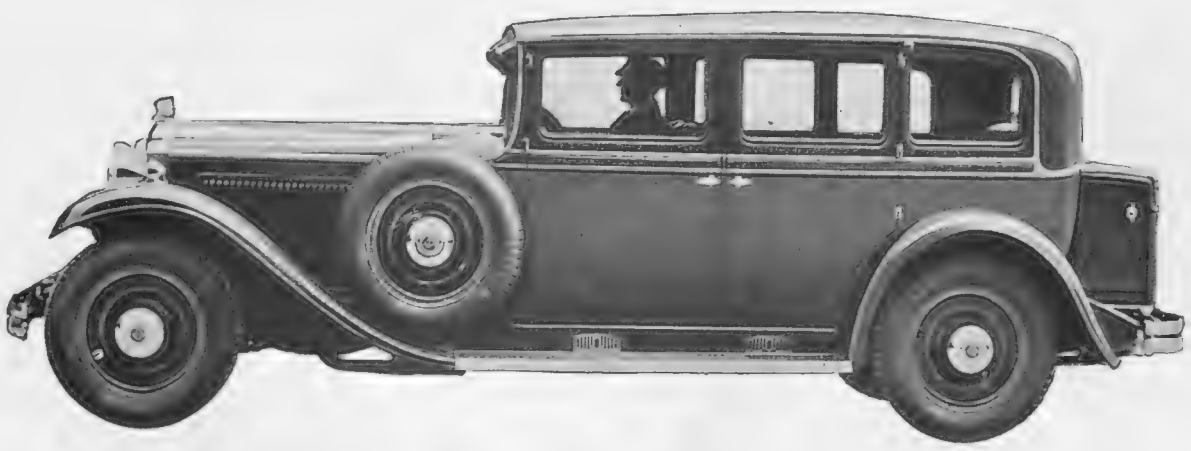

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Now that immediate deliveries can be made, an inspection and trial run will well repay those who are seeking a luxurious carriage, either for town use or for extended touring.

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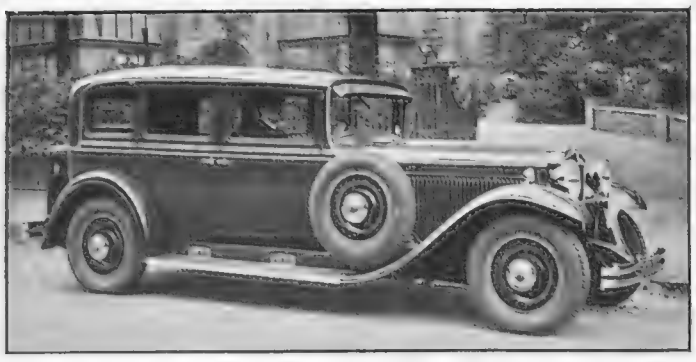
# CARS *to be* CONSIDERED

— A Tour Round the Motor Show

Conducted by A. PERCY BRADLEY



**MINERVA** A fine example of modern craftsmanship is this 22–28-h.p. eight-cylinder Minerva limousine

**MINERVA.**—It was about this time last year that a new eight-cylinder Minerva was introduced and for 1931 there are again important changes in the programme of this old-established Belgian manufacturing concern.

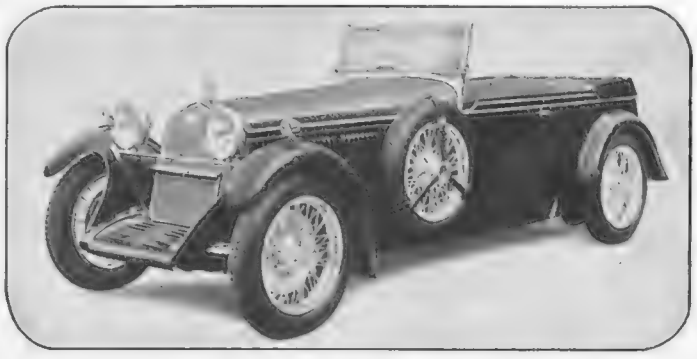
A new Straight Eight has been introduced with an engine a little smaller than the 1930 eight-cylinder model, the R.A.C. rating scaling at 27.9 h.p. and the total capacity at 3,958 cubic centimetres. Needless to say this car has a thoroughly up-to-date specification, and it is of interest to learn that the crankshaft is carried in no less than nine bearings, and that the brakes are of the Bendix self-energizing type, and in addition are assisted by a Dewandre vacuum-servo.

The chassis of this interesting newcomer to our ranks is offered at £675, so that a complete car with high-grade coachwork sells in the region of £950. In order to discern which of the Minerva exhibits is the new introduction I would mention that it is known as the 22–28-h.p. model.

The six-cylinder and the larger Straight-Eight models are being retained practically without change for 1931, and although the earlier 18-h.p. six-cylinder and the six-litre speed models are not being shown, I understand that they will be supplied to special order and are being retained on the Continent.

The actual cars on the stand are a 40-h.p. eight-cylinder chassis, a similar chassis with an enclosed limousine body painted blue and upholstered in grey cloth, a 32–34-h.p. six-cylinder car having an enclosed cabriolet body painted black with a gold line, and lastly a 22–28-h.p. eight-cylinder chassis with a coachbuilt enclosed limousine body. The latter car is painted maroon and upholstered in cloth.

**ALFA-ROMEO.**—The Alfa-Romeo stand is more than usually attractive in appearance. There is an artistic touch about the wrought-iron stanchions with their illuminated alabaster tops which immediately commands the visitor to stop and look. Everyone appreciates the significance of these cars winning in no uncertain way the Ulster T.T race of 1930. The exhibit consists of five chassis, four of them being fitted with bodies. Two of these are of the 17–85-h.p. cars, one a 17–75-h.p. model, and the remaining two, including the chassis, being of the more powerful type known as the 17–95-h.p. model. The cheapest of the five is shown with a Weymann saloon body of very pleasing design. The two medium-sized cars form an attractive couple, one having an occasional four-seater coupé body and the other a four-seater open sports body. The two specimens of the 17–95-h.p. chassis complete the exhibit, and one of these is shown with a foursome coupé, the other being without any bodywork. These latter cars are both super-charge and are capable of very high speeds, which is saying something where an Alfa-Romeo is concerned. The impression left in one's mind after looking at these cars is that the Italians are real masters of design and workmanship where motor-cars are concerned.



A 17–95-h.p. 2-litre six-cylinder super-charged two-door sports model **ALFA ROMEO** A black cellulosed body with chromium-plated mouldings and wheels

**STANDARD.**—The fact that the Standard 9-h.p. model is (I think) the biggest car of its kind, has led the manufacturers to refer to the 1931 product as the Big Nine, and they have certainly enhanced the outward appearance as well as the mechanical side of this popular product. The price remains unaltered, although there is a *de-luxe* model available at £245, with a four-speed gear-box and a considerable amount of additional equipment. Two important mechanical changes are the provision of a spiral-bevel rear drive instead of a worm and Marles steering instead of the older worm and nut type.

The Ensign six-cylinder Standard is a smaller edition of the 1930 h.p. model known as the Envoy, although the latter is retained for 1931, but with an increased engine bore giving 20 h.p. The Ensign is taxed at £16 and is available with a three-speed or a four-speed gear-box, the four-speed models being a little more costly but carrying, in addition to the mechanical refinement, many expensive body extras such as hide upholstery, bumpers, and companion sets.

There is no doubt that the Standard range for 1931 is extremely comprehensive, and that the value which was offered for 1930 has been surpassed for the coming season.

The attractive Ensign Six special saloon. The chassis is fitted with four forward gears incorporating the silent-third **STANDARD**


# Willys Olympia and 1931 Programme

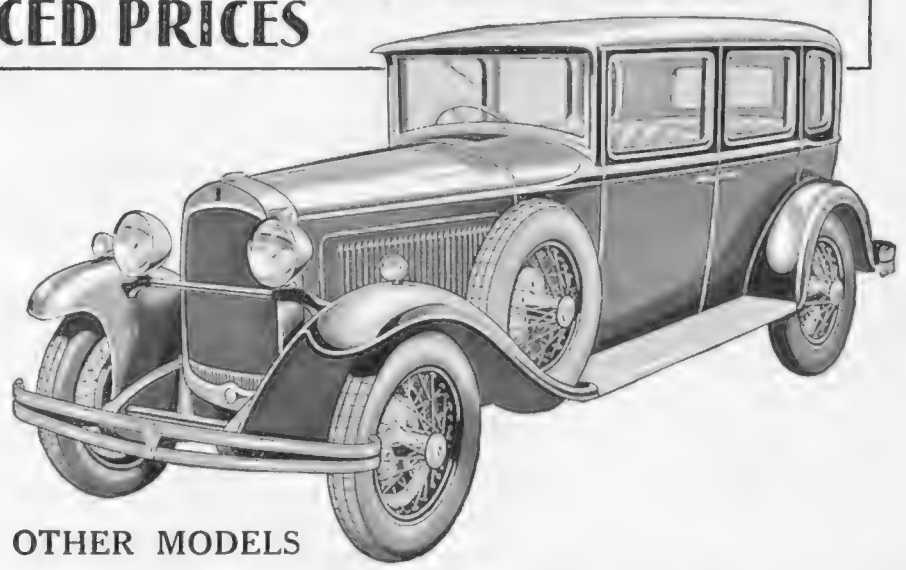
## BETTER VALUE - IMPROVED MODELS REDUCED PRICES

NEW MODEL

THE WILLYS "PALATINE" SIX

An entirely new and distinctive British coach-built Saloon body on a six-cylinder chassis of 15·7 rating. The door panels extend to the running boards, six windows are provided, upholstery is in a new soft leather with very heavy padding on the doors, and an air of luxury and refinement in the capacious interior. Hydraulic shock absorbers. Triplex glass windscreen, wire wheels, etc., are standard.

£259



OTHER MODELS

THE WILLYS WHIPPET 15/40 h.p. four-cylinder engine. Low petrol and oil consumption. A powerful and reliable engine. The chassis has been improved by the addition of highly efficient internal expanding brakes in all four drums. Upholstery has been modified, increasing the luxury of the roomy interior. Four-door Saloon seats five in comfort.

£188

WILLYS KNIGHT 20 H.P. The advantages of the sleeve valve principle are manifest in this model. The six-cylinder engine has a seven-bearing crankshaft, the saloon body has six winding windows and soft leather upholstery, with a folding arm-rest in the centre of the rear seats. Five wire wheels are standard.

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WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LTD.

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STAND Nº 116

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Had the coachwork improvements made to the 'Twenty' line of Austin cars for the coming season, been their only recommendation—they would have been sufficient in themselves to win public approval.

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# CARS *to be* CONSIDERED

A Tour Round the Motor Show

Conducted by

A. PERCY BRADLEY

**WOLSELEY** The new Viper six-cylinder fabric saloon is another Wolseley production for 1931

**WOLSELEY.**—Some really artistic examples of the Wolseley Hornet and the new Wolseley six-cylinder Viper are on view. The latter is a new model recently introduced and represents one of the most wonderful bargains, if I may use the word, offered to the motoring community by the British manufacturers. As a fabric saloon it sells at £285, yet on inspection one might be forgiven if the cost price was put down at £600. That would be my guess after a casual examination, but on looking into the car more closely, and making a careful note of the unusually complete equipment, I would feel that even at £700 the car could be sold in goodly numbers. The visitor should note that the fabric saloon has four doors, front bucket-seats which are adjustable, Triplex glass throughout, chromium-plated bright parts, weather-proof luggage-container, wire wheels, thermostatically-operated radiator-shutters, electric petrol-gauge, electric screen-wiper, ventilators to roof and scuttle, hydraulic shock-absorbers, and bumpers front and rear. In addition there are a host of other gadgets which might easily be listed as extras. The car, too, has most graceful lines and there is no doubt that this Wolseley is not surpassed by any other car, whether British, Continental, or Transatlantic, in the value it gives for money.

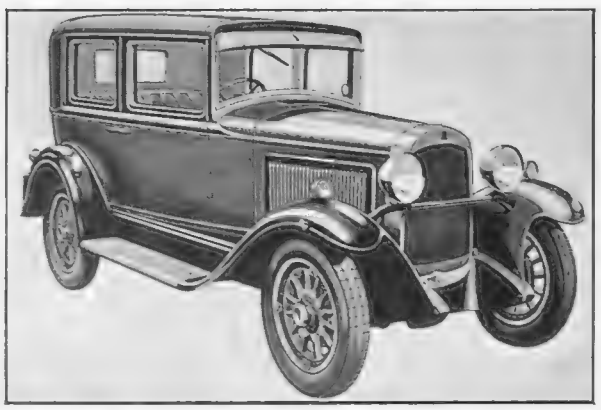
The six-cylinder Hornet, complete with coachbuilt saloon having a Sunshine roof, sells at £195. On its introduction earlier this year it met with an immediate welcome from the public. The makers refer to it as the "little wonder car," and from what I have seen of its performance on the road I am inclined to agree that this title is justly earned. It will be noticed that there is coachwork of new design on the chassis and this gives greater body accommodation. The doors are wider, so that whether the occupants are getting in, getting out, or sitting in the car they are far more comfortable than before.

**AUSTIN** The ever-popular Austin six-cylinder 16-h.p. 6-light fabric saloon complete with sun-visor

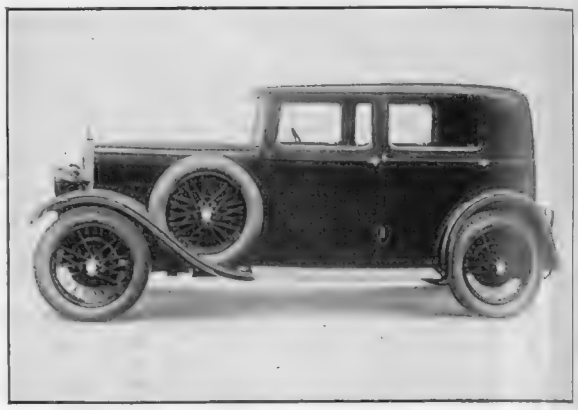
**WILLYS.**—Willys cars, made at Manchester, present a range for this season which show slight reductions in price all round and a new body type at the favourable price of £259. The last mentioned is the main feature of the new programme, and although the chassis is the well-known 15·7-h.p. Light Six the body is entirely new. It has four doors, those with the side-panels extending to the running boards and thereby dispensing with valances and giving the car a high-waisted and modern appearance.

The popular Whippet four-cylinder car which at one time was America's nearest approach to the light-car class, but is now made in England, remains substantially the same in design, but presents even better value than before at the new price of £188 for the four-door five-seater coachbuilt saloon.

Among the larger cars, examples of which are exhibited, reductions ranging from £20 to £50 have been made. Both the 20-h.p. and the 27-h.p. models have Willys-Knight sleeve-valve engines, and this type of power unit is world-renowned for its smoothness and silence. Taken as a whole or individually, the Willys range will appeal to those who want reasonably-priced cars, or even very low-priced vehicles with accommodation for five or more people and with engines sufficiently large to give good top-gear performances, even when a full load is carried in hilly districts. I recall that one of the Whippet models once travelled from one end of England to the other, using top-gear for the entire journey, and this is a creditable performance for a car with a four-cylinder engine of moderate dimensions



**WILLYS** This 15–40-h.p. Whippet is an outstanding example of 1931 motoring values at £188 for the coachbuilt saloon



**ALVIS** For speed and reliability very few cars will be found to excel this 12–50-h.p. four-door saloon


# *The World's Finest Car Lamp!*

THE LUCAS TYPE P100DB HIGH-POWER PROJECTOR has been designed specifically for the world's leading cars. It is built to give the finest possible driving light, while the appearance is particularly handsome and imposing. Nothing has been spared to make this the world's finest car lamp.

The reflecting system is designed to give a magnificent high-power light which carries a tremendous distance ahead, while flooding the width of the road near the car with a more diffused light.

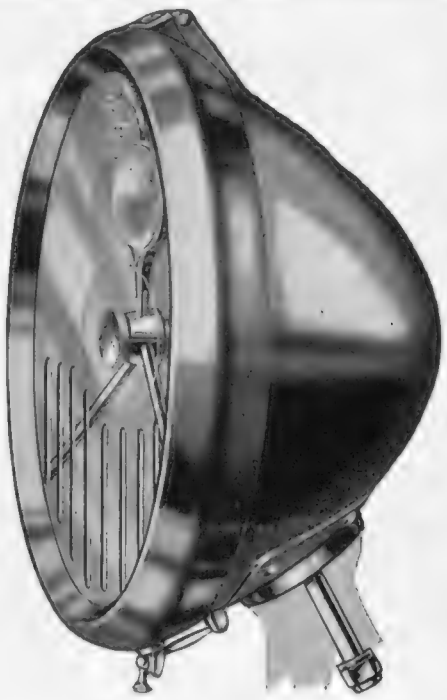
A very useful dipping beam device is incorporated in this lamp. A secondary bulb is fitted behind a special lens in the top half of the reflector and, when the high-power light is switched off, this reduced light (thrown downwards) comes into operation, giving the same effect as dipping headlights. The angle of dip can be altered by adjustment of bulb. Control is by a neat change-over switch mounted on steering-column or dash.

*Among the many other special features are:*—Readily accessible micrometer focussing device; special light-controlling front glass; bulbs designed specially for this lamp; Lucas patent universally adjustable mounting; front, reflector extension and reflector are all hinged to open up, allowing ready access to interior.

*See them demonstrated on*

*STANDS 376 & 384, OLYMPIA,*

*and fitted on many of the finest cars.*



PRICE **£21.0.0** PER PAIR

***Finish: Ebony Black (Plated Parts).***

***Nickel-Plated, £22. Chromium-Plated, £23.10.0. Silver-Plated, £27.10.0***

*TYPE P80DB HIGH-POWER PROJECTOR, similar but smaller. Prices per pair—Ebony Black (Plated Parts), £15.15.0; Nickel-Plated, £16.10.0; Chromium-Plated, £18; Silver-Plated, £22*

*Type P100DB Lamp with front, reflector, and reflector extension opened.*

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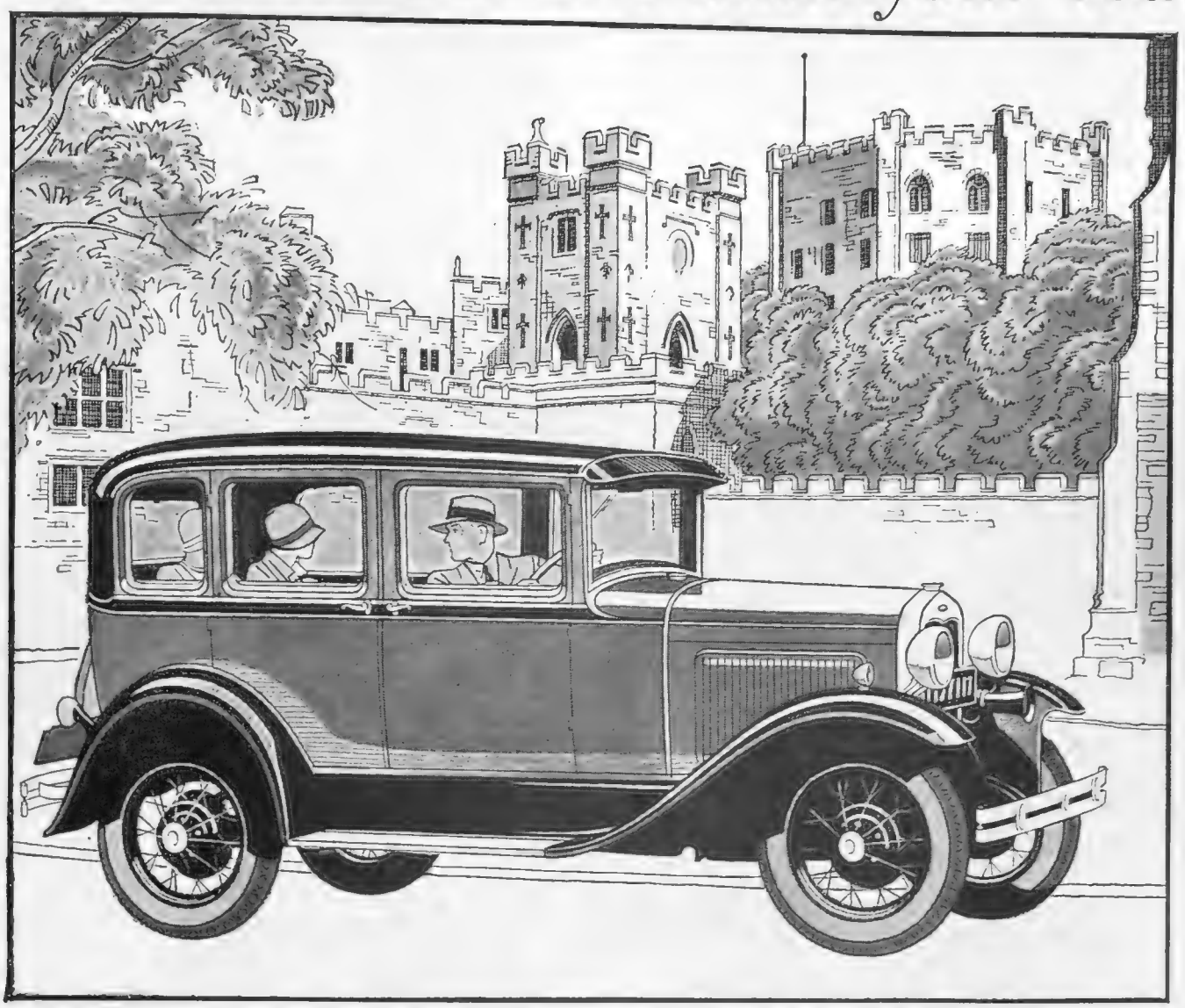

*New Ford Fordor Saloon (3 window).* *Durham Castle and University in background.*

THOUSANDS of people are rearranging their expenditures so as to provide for the purchase of a new Ford car. It is astonishing how easily this can be done when it is set about in earnest. It is still more astonishing how much added health and pleasure the new Ford brings to all of the family, also how much business help it gives the owner.

Touring, business, week-ends, shopping, golf, parties, theatres, visiting—those are some of the many things Ford owners use their cars for, as a special enquiry reveals.

What opportunities for recreation a new Ford brings. Out in the sunshine, away to the seashore, up to the bracing air among the hills, on to all the treasured spots and friends—a new Ford car brings so much more to living.

It is by its more prosaic uses—daily shopping, business calls and interviews, innumerable business trips—that the Ford so often pays for itself and really provides all the other advantages free. The enquiry shows that the great majority of Ford owners keep their cars busy Winter and Summer.

There is a place in your expenditures for a new Ford. Only £50 down secures delivery, all charges included. Special Ford insurance is low. Upkeep is surprisingly low. The new Ford is carefully built to last for years. Discuss a new car with your nearest Ford dealer and test all its enjoyable points in a trial run.

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*Hydraulic shock absorbers on all four wheels. Powerful enclosed brakes on all four wheels — independent handbrake. Strong steel bumpers, front and rear. Unsplinterable glass windscreen. Durable pyroxylin finish — choice of pleasing colours. Rustless steel bright parts — lustre everlasting. Comfort .... safety .... speed .... performance .... long life .... economy.*

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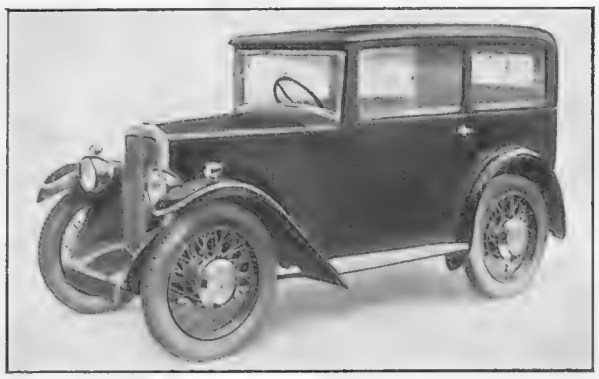


**SWIFT** The Cadet full four-seater fabric saloon fitted with sliding roof, wire wheels, and chromium-plated bumpers

## CARS to be CONSIDERED

*(Continued from preceding page)*

**AUSTIN.**—Dealing with the 1931 programme, prices show a reduction in some instances. All the 1930 models are being retained, these falling into four categories with the 7-h.p. and 12-h.p. four-cylinder chassis and with the 16-h.p. and the 20-h.p. six-cylinder chassis as a basis. With the Austin Seven open models at £122 10s. I think we may claim to be very close to the £100 car, particularly when it is realized that the specification is complete with many refinements which might be left off, or at least listed as an extra were the company seeking to supply cheap cars. Actually they aim at producing good cars, relying upon scientific manufacture to bring the price to an economical level.

On exhibition there are two examples of three chassis each with different coachwork. The 12-h.p. four-cylinder car is not being shown this year on account of lack of space. Visitors will not fail to admire the remarkable value of these handsome cars, all of which are well-tried products, combining in each instance a degree of luxury which seems out of all proportion to the low cost.

**ALVIS.**—I am very glad to find the Alvis Company returning to the field with a four-cylinder 12–50-h.p. model. There is no doubt that this was extremely popular and in earlier years gave a somewhat remarkable performance which made owners reluctant to part with the cars after long mileages.

The car bears some resemblance to its predecessor, but the greater part of it has been redesigned. As a chassis is on view it is possible for many owners to make a detailed inspection. The car is also shown as a two-seater, a four-seater, and a saloon, the last-mentioned selling at £450. These cars are rated at 11·8 h.p., with an annual tax of £12. The engine has overhead valves and a high performance, and there is a four-speed gearbox with right-hand control. The wheelbase is 9 ft. 4 in., and it will be noticed that full use has been made of the chassis dimensions when designing the four-seater saloon body.

The Silver Eagle six-cylinder model is already well known and it is shown as a stripped chassis, and there are also two saloon models. That known as the Atlantic and finished in green with upholstery to match is a most striking car, and the price is £695.

The Silver Eagle is available as a standard or a sports chassis, and a three-years' guarantee is given in each case.

**SWIFT.**—The Swift range for 1931, examples of which are on show at Olympia, comprises two models both with four-cylinder engines. The 10-h.p. car which has proved so successful is retained, and the 8-h.p. Cadet Swift is something entirely new. This car is built on the sturdy lines which one associates with this firm's productions and refinements; deserving special mention are the provision of a rear instead of a gravity-feed petrol-tank, semi-elliptic springs at the front and the back, and chromium-plated bumpers. The Cadet is available in three types for 1931, and examples of each in the form of an open four-seater, a fabric saloon, and a semi-coachbuilt saloon are to be seen on the stand.

The maker's policy with regard to the Ten has been to refrain from interfering with the general construction of the car but at the same time to incorporate a few improvements without making any change in the prices which ruled for last season. Thus it will be found that these cars at the Show have an Autovac petrol-feed from a rear tank and that the radiator which last year assumed the fashionable narrow bead appearance now has a divided front.

There are actually four examples of the Swift Ten on the stand in addition to the three Cadet models which I have already mentioned. All of them have closed bodies but a sliding roof is a standard fitting on each of them except on the Nomad fabric saloon.

# THE ART *of the* COACHBUILDER

**By A. PERCY BRADLEY**

**THRUPP & MABERLY, LTD.**—Visitors can usually depend on seeing some useful novelty incorporated in the high-class bodies exhibited on the Thrupp and Maberly Stand. This well-known firm claim to have set numerous fashions in the past such as dropped sided doors, ribbed wings, and special hinged quarter-lights. This year the novelty to examine is the concealed mechanism of the screen-wiper. This is carried out in a very ingenious manner, which obviates the necessity of carrying the wiper mechanism on the windscreen itself although the latter is made to open. The problem has been solved by designing a simple type of clutch which allows the blades to be disengaged from the mechanism.

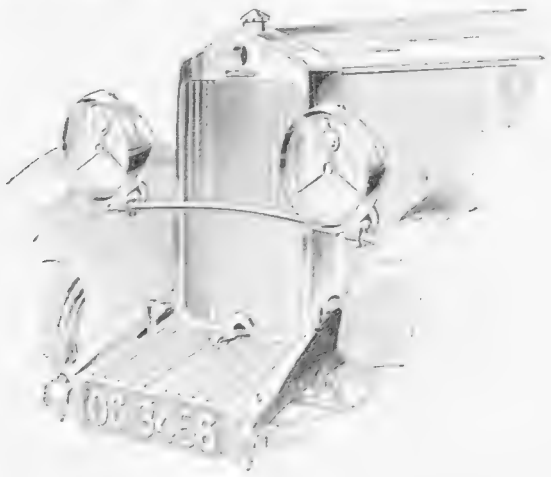
On the stand are seen a sports coupé on one of the new eight-litre Bentley chassis and an enclosed limousine fitted to a 40–50-h.p. Phantom II Rolls-Royce. The first of these cars is interesting because it is really an open two-seater and a coupé rolled into one. The head of the coupé when down is completely concealed beneath the rear-decking, yet when it is up in position it is a perfect all-weather coupé. The raked screen helmet type wings and low build of the car are in thorough keeping with the general lines of the chassis. The colour scheme consists of black and pastel-blue with chromium-plated exterior and interior fittings

*(Continued on following page)*

A very handsome Sedanca de Ville on a 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis. The car is cellulosed in lapis-blue and black **BARKER**


# LANCHESTER

**THE PIONEERS OF THE BRITISH MOTOR INDUSTRY**



AT OLYMPIA, October 16 to 25, we are exhibiting the well-known and deservedly popular 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester, and the 30 h.p.—the best of the Straight Eights.

Our Exhibits, on Stand No. 60, are equipped with Coachwork by Messrs. Hooper & Co., Ltd., Maythorn & Son, Ltd., and Windovers, Ltd. Also other examples of Coachwork on Lanchester Chassis are exhibited by Messrs. Maythorn & Sons, Ltd., Arthur Mulliner, Ltd., and Windovers, Ltd.

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# SEE IT!

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Here, beyond question, is a light car which sets a standard of comfort and efficiency unknown before. It is only 8 h.p. with low tax, low insurance and low running costs. It is smooth running, silent and fast, beautifully sprung and embodies that depth of quality and finish which has always distinguished "Swift." See it at the Show! the new Swift "Cadet."

THE SWIFT 'CADET'

THE SWIFT 'TEN' has a new radiator which adds to its appearance, improvements have been made in the cooling system and autovac fuel feed is introduced. Wire wheels are now standard and safety glass windscreens are fitted. Prices £235 to £295.

**MODELS & PRICES**

Open Touring 4-Seater £160

4-Seater Fabric Saloon £185

4-Seater Semi Coachbuilt Saloon £185

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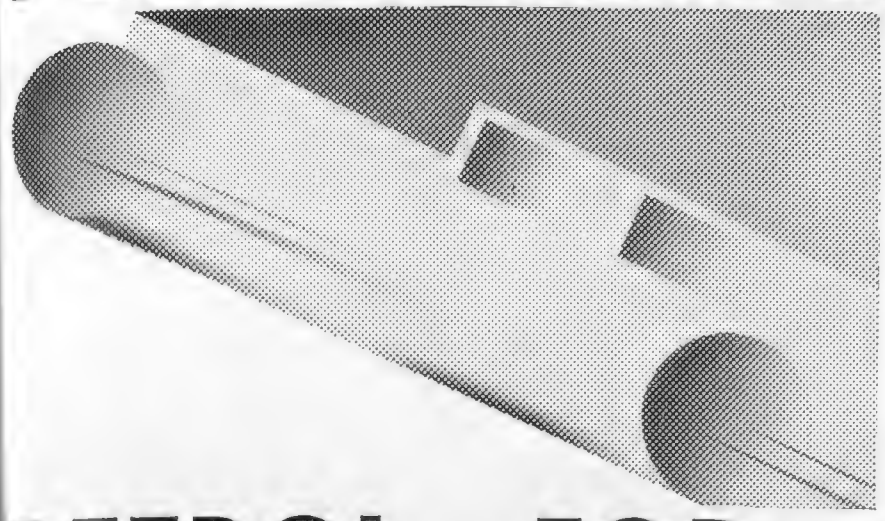
# PETROL FOR EASY STARTING



Every morning you slip into your car and switch her on. And, though she has been standing there all night—every morning off she goes at the very first touch on the button. For in your tank is the New BP. And the New BP has been made specially rich in 'lighter fractions'—those fractions which will fire instantly even when your engine is turning slowly on the starter. Instant starting—cutting out the waste of fruitless attempts means more miles per gallon.

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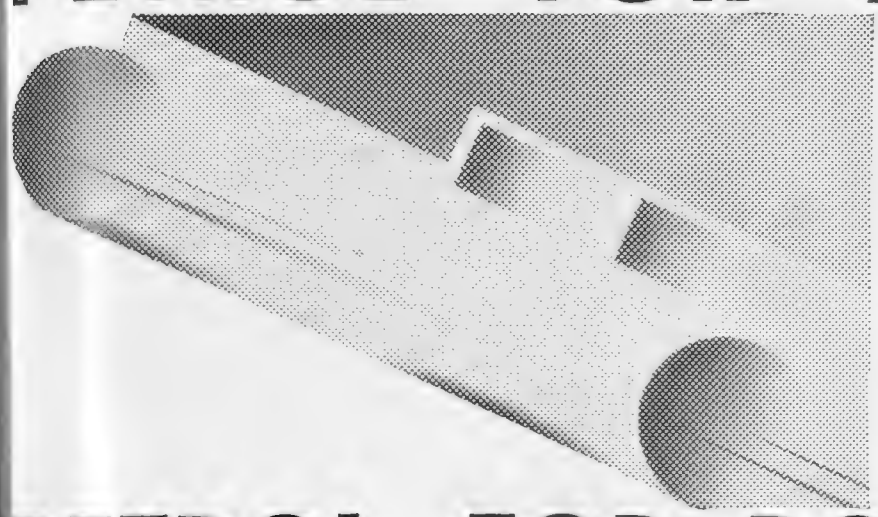
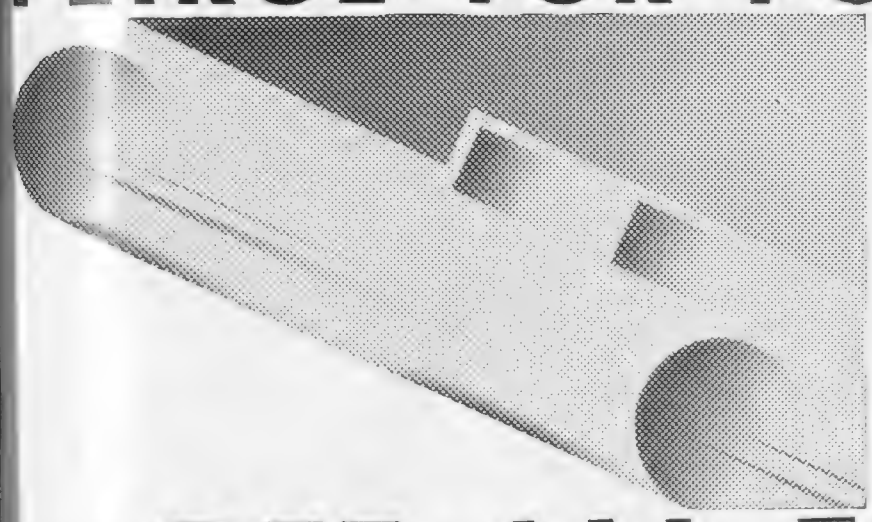


The bus in front is pulling out. The gap ahead grows less and less. But there's plenty of time to get through provided your engine doesn't falter. Confidently you press your foot down on the accelerator—your car leaps forward like an arrow from the bow—you've done it. 'High overall volatility' in a petrol makes sure of a rush of vapour from carburetter to cylinders at the instant you want it. And 'high overall volatility' is something that BP is famous for. It gives you vivid acceleration. It gives you better top gear performance which means more miles per gallon.

# PETROL FOR POWER AT SPEED



The speedometer needle is more than half way to the limit. Pretty good—with four passengers and all that luggage! The road begins to climb a bit. But your foot goes down a little further and the needle stays where it is. Only the note of your engine deepens a little—to a solid satisfying roar of abundant healthy power! Not for nothing do they put those 'heavier hydrocarbons' in BP! More power in every drop means more miles per gallon.

# GET ALL THREE IN THE NEW BP

ASHLEY

# THE ART *of the* COACHBUILDER

(*Continued from p.* 142)

**HOOPER** An enclosed Hooper limousine body finished in crimson, mounted on a 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis

The other car is a fine example of an up-to-date town carriage. By ingenious manipulation of mouldings the car possesses a very low appearance without sacrificing in any way that all-important feature—headroom. The finish is in black relieved by a fine red line, the upholstery being of West of England cloth with soft grained leather for the front seats. Tiger wood, which is remarkable for its fine colouring and figuring, is used for the interior woodwork. Special attention has been paid to the problem of ventilation and the measures taken appear to be more than usually efficient. Attention should be paid to the novel design of the quarter lights which are an essential part of the scheme adopted.

Taking the two cars together they make a most interesting exhibition of contrasts, and it should be remembered that old-established coachbuilders are not often so enterprising in the adoption of novelties such as one sees on the Thrupp and Maberly Stand.

**BARKER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS), LTD.**—The first car to be noticed on the stand of this famous coachbuilding firm is a very resplendent semi-sports Torpedo Cabriolet Rolls-Royce, the chassis being the latest 40/50-h.p. Phantom II. This car seats four persons in the acme of comfort. The hood is concealed when out of use but can easily be raised and with the windows in the two doors makes the car absolutely weatherproof. Special sports wings are fitted to the boat-shaped body which is painted Ulster-blue with a polished aluminium top deck, the same finish being adopted for the top panels of the scuttle and bonnet. Triplex safety-glass is used and the upholstery is in blue leather. The usual bright body fittings are of an untarnishable finish, as are the bright parts of the chassis. The car is complete with the usual Barker specialities, such as the Barker headlamp dippers and Barker wheel discs.

The second of the three cars is a 20–55-h.p. six-cylinder Rolls-Royce chassis fitted with a Barker Sedanca de Ville body which is designed to be driven either by a chauffeur or the owner. Accommodation is available for six people and the finish is Ulster-blue cellulose paint with black leather roof and quarters. The upholstery in the interior is of blue-grey cloth to tone with the painting, and the front seat is in blue leather. The exterior fittings are of untarnishable finish, whilst the interior body fittings are of silver-plate.

The third exhibit is a 35–120-h.p. six-cylinder Daimler, which is fitted with a Barker Pullman landaulette body, cellulosed to match the other car in Ulster-blue with a fine silver line. There is seating for two or three on the main seat, two on comfortable facing forward extra seats, as well as two on the front seat. The latter is upholstered in blue leather and those in the interior are upholstered in blue-grey cloth. The cabinet-work used in the interior is of walnut and all the body fittings are silver-plated.

These three cars constitute one of the finest displays in the coachbuilding section of the Exhibition and no visit can be considered complete without an inspection of this stand.

**HOOPER & CO. (COACHBUILDERS), LTD.** — An enclosed limousine-de-ville body mounted on a Rolls-Royce Phantom II chassis and an enclosed limousine on a 30–40-h.p. Daimler Double-Six chassis are exhibited on the Hooper Stand. Other examples of their coachwork are to be found on the stands of Armstrong-Siddeley, Hispaño-Suiza, Rolls-Royce, Lanchester, and Daimler.

Reverting to their own exhibits, both bodies have accommodation for seven people and the folding-seats are made under patents held by the company. The interior finish on the Rolls-Royce coachwork is woven leather, ebony being used for the woodwork. Laurel veneer has been used very effectively in the case of the Daimler body, the seats being covered with a new pattern West of England cloth. In both instances the finish and workmanship are of the finest.

**SALMONS & SONS.**—Messrs. Salmons and Sons are exhibiting three examples of the Tickford all-weather body, which of course they originated many years ago and have marketed successfully ever since.

The firm's object has been to provide coachwork which with a minimum of effort can be converted quickly from a fully-closed saloon into an open touring car, and and it may be said that to-day they can adapt their product to any type of chassis ranging from 7 h.p. to 50 h.p.

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# EUROPE'S WAR PSYCHOSIS (I).

## By FERDINAND TUOHY

(*Continued from p.* 114)

on a 2,000,000 mobilization, but the men would be nothing like as well found as the French, and half would lack the spirit.

I was repeatedly told that "Italy does not want war," and in the end came to give full credence to the observation. There are indeed several reasons why she should not desire it *as things are for her to-day*, and that she is very open for bargaining with ex-Allies seems apparent. Fascist hatred of the French has been worked up from the initial fact that Foch and Pétain and Fayolle and five French divisions went to the aid of Italy. It is sustained by countless "victory tablets" on all sides.

Yet surely Mussolini is rifle-shaking in search of a compromize? He must hate this word, but must know in his heart that it is true. He is not a well man. He therefore follows the strictest diet, even travelling with his own doctor, who is disguised as a Fascist officer. He may live many years (he has *not* got cancer or would have gone long ago), and such fine work has he done for Italy (despite the economic situation, which is in part linked to external and general happenings) that I believe he will think more and more before uttering bellicose words in the future. words which might conduce to the shattering of that work. For after all these threats have been seen through. Nothing that I write here has not been already docketed in London and Paris.

Yet this is far from saying that Italy should not be attentively listened to. England especially, towards which there is much good feeling and politeness, may be expected to do her best for the land she so conspicuously aided towards union and liberty.

One thing the Fascists have got stuck in their gullets is that their country was promised the Dalmation coast, in London in 1915, as the price of "coming in." The whole Dalmatian coast, poor economically, vital strategically. Is this so? If it is, it may be impossible now to give that coast, but quite obviously the Allies of that day should honour their Word in some other direction as equivalent as possible. It is because, if Italy can be drawn into a friendly orbit, that so much which threatens might be avoided that Rome—an equal disintegrating centre to Moscow—should perhaps be considered in more things than desert ways in Lybia.

At present the Duce's method of making himself felt, of waging war if you will, is to split the Continent from the "Right" even as the Communists are seeking to split it from the "Left." Each wants the centre, the moderates, to disappear. Do we desire that process to go forward? Not that things can happen to-morrow. It's a long way to Sarajevo. At least, as I see it. The reason being—unhappily—lack of finance. It is not war that threatens. But disruption, chaos, revolution, out of which war would come.

Mussolini cannot at present think of war. But he can sow discontent leading to disruption, and will continue to do so while perhaps dropping some of the glinting-bayonets talk. He holds a trump card in the new Vatican Secretary of State, Cardinal Pacelli, who is working all he can to knit up the old Central European Catholic *bloc* that once counted 80,000,000. (Pacelli was actually on the black list as a German agent in Switzerland during the War.)

Against this present policy, however, must be cited the Duce's unexpectedness. He changes his mind amazingly, acting on impulse. No one knows what he is planning next. Perhaps Grandi, I was told, but this was not certain. Undoubtedly Mussolini "got France wrong," as the Americans say; and the painful result for him is that now he has daily to behold an opposite number in Paris acting on his very own precept of "to be respected one must be strong." The Tardieu-Weygand preparations may have a sobering effect below the Alps, may move the Duce to one of his rapid changes—if he is given encouragement and something tangible to show. It is no secret that Hitler's coup has not pleased the Fascists nearly as much as Europe has been told. Fanatics who fight Jews *and* Catholics can clearly find small backing in Rome where Hitler-the-man is considered poles away from the intensely practical creator of Fascism.

What seems to be wanted now is liberality and sound sense on the part of a perfectly secure France, and let us hope that we can do something in the matter. Some may have taken umbrage at Mussolini's apparent anti-British pin-pricks in Malta, in threatening to send warships to Alexandria, in excessive flirting with England's enemies.

I was assured that this is his Italian method of trying to gain more English attention.

# FEUDS *and* ADULATION

## By CECIL ROBERTS

(*Continued from page* 119)

you do otherwise, these interviews always end in the same strain of admiration?—finds "there is a great deal more fun in him than masks of bronze are supposed to indulge in," but he has not a word to say upon, indeed, would seem to be unaware of, the hundreds of wretched Italians locked up on miserable islands, or the ruthless stamping out of language and traditions in the Tyrol, to say nothing of the countless brutalities of dagger-waving young men in the hysteria of patriotism.

I have the feeling throughout his book that all the time he wishes to pay Rome compliments he is suppressing uneasy suspicions. He says he went with one dark suspicion—that English travellers were made much more comfortable. How Mr. Chesterton evades a real inquiry into what he sees or contrives not to see is revealed in the triviality of that remark. He has gone to Rome in more senses than one. It is sad to see so fine a mind so meanly shackled. I long for the resurrection of G. K. Chesterton.

There is little that is new in Lord Balfour's *Chapters of Autobiography* (Cassell. 10s. 6d.). They contain a mere outline of his career and thoughts. The plums have already been plucked in the Memoir by Sir George Arthur, and the best stories in this book were better told in his. One captures from these pages the easy life of the *grand seigneur*, born to wealth and position, and further, blessed with brains. A great man in a narrow way, he had only one conception of life, the patrician, and events conspired to protect him from the rough usage of life by which most men's characters are tested. His school has for ever gone, and there will be lost to us a power and a charm. One story of early contact with Gladstone is delicious. He took him for a walk over moorlands, and had to run to catch a train. His last glimpse as the train drew out of the station was of Mr. Gladstone's socks hung out of the window to dry.

Here is the life of a magnificent old fighter, Voltaire. A man of tremendous genius and industry, he had the streak of the blackguard in him, could play the spy and the sycophant at times, but his grand crusade against humbug never ceased in that long life of battle, exile, triumph, and acclamation. He probably achieved more for liberty than any other man in the history of civilization. We are too content to know his name and be ignorant of his work. Here is an admirable biography, *Voltaire*, by C. E. Vulliamy (Bles. 10s. 6d. net). It is concise and yet comprehensive—and an excellent example of the publisher's art.

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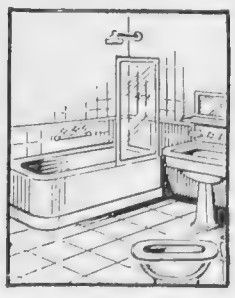

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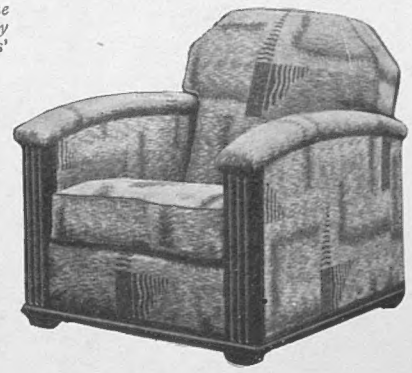

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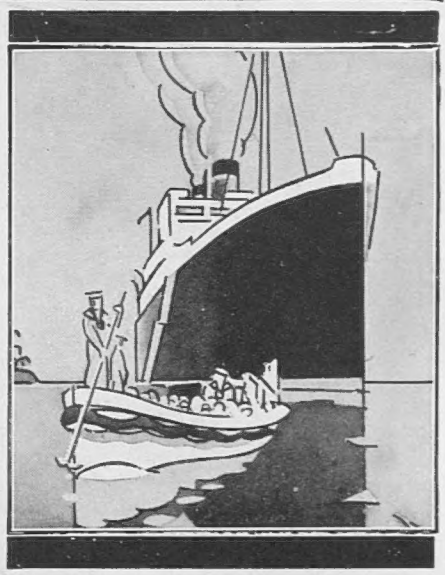

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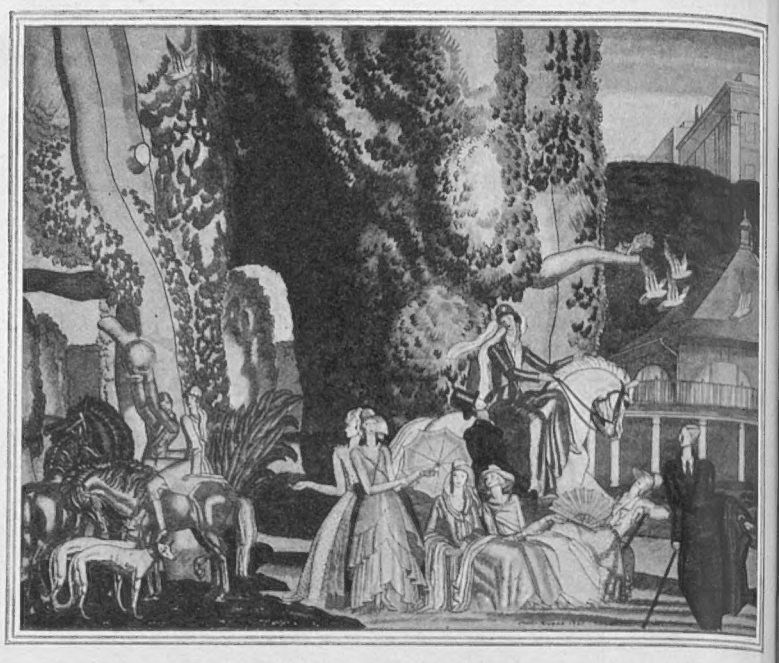
# NOTES and NEWS



**PARIS ART ENLIVENS LONDON'S UNDERGROUND STATIONS: The Underground Railway Companies of London have always been noted for the excellent posters with which they enliven the Tube and District Stations of London. During these October days one's attention has been drawn towards the delights of the river and of Hyde Park by two delicious posters by Jean Dupas, the Paris artist whose delicate line and colour have been delighting for some few years past connoisseurs on both sides of the Channel. M. Dupas will now be better known to the multitude. One poster is entitled "Where is this bower beside the silver Thames?" and the other "Thence to Hyde Park, where much good company and many fine ladies." Both are faultless in technique, and the lithographic work by the printing house of Johnson Riddle has been excellently done**

## "H.M.V." RECORDS BY STARS

The October output of "His Master's Voice" records is strikingly topical in that it contains many of the latest efforts of world-renowned artists at present appearing in public in various spheres of entertainment. England has lent America Gracie Fields, and America is lending Sophie Tucker to London, and both these brilliant comediennes give their best through "His Master's Voice" records to the English-speaking nations. So pronounced is the success of Gracie Fields in New York that cables of praise are flashed beneath the Atlantic and at home we have this wondrous vocalist in two very varied love ditties, "I Can't Just Figure it Out," the story of a girl who is surprised that someone loves her, and "'Fonso," a Spanish skit told in lovely Lancashire with an onion flavour. She also has a worldly version of a barmaid's experience of "Time Gentlemen," and a wistful number, "I'm in the Market for You." The all-conquering Sophie Tucker, the queen of *Follow a Star*, contributes crisp items from the Winter Garden Theatre, including "That's what I Call Sweet Music," clever words set to haunting music and delightfully rendered, while her "Red Hot Mammas," is a genuine joke of the real Tucker trade-mark.

Peter Dawson, who, in his first appearance on the variety stage, has registered as triumphant a score as he has done for many years on "His Master's Voice" gramophone records, dramatically describes, in the richest of deep tones, the "Midnight Review," a narrative ballad of the Napoleonic wars, and follows with the noble lyricism of "The Sword Song" from Sir Edward Elgar's early cantata, *Caractacus*. From Franz Lehar's *Frederica*, that most tuneful musical play which has won world-wide success at the Palace Theatre, a number of fascinating records have been extracted. That leading tenor, Joseph Hislop, sings four of the gems from this enchanting light opera, while Marek Weber and his orchestra and De Groot and his orchestra add their delightful endeavours, a gramophone tribute to the composer of *Frederica*, *The Merry Widow*, and other delectable operettas.

Mark Hambourg, who after a provincial tour is again to appear in London, re-introduces himself in a somewhat new guise, that is with the gleaming pearl-like touches of Dvorak's "Slavonic Dance" and Brahm's Waltz in A Flat, followed by the Hungarian Dance, exquisite pianoforte pieces for every home. The super-musical film, *The King of Jazz*, made its London debut at the Alhambra and Regal cinemas on Thursday (October 9), and of this wondrous creation "His Master's Voice" issue fourteen discs, including the efforts of Paul Whiteman and his concert orchestra and songs by John Boles, "His Master's Voice" records by the actual artists who appear in the film. Paul Whiteman's musicians giving "The Rhapsody in Blue" reveal joyous jazz composition in its highest and most enchanting form.

## COLUMBIA RECORDS

Among other recent Columbia records we have received the following: "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," fox trot, and "There's One More River to Cross," fox trot, played by P. Tremaine and his Orchestra, with vocal chorus. "Somewhere in My Heart," waltz (Rex London and Hero de Rance), and "Just an Old Refrain," waltz (Wynn and Wilton), by Debroy Somer's Band, with vocal chorus. "I'm Falling in Love Again," waltz (theme song, "The Blue Angel") (Hollander), and "When It's Springtime in the Rockies," waltz (Hale Woolsey and R. Sauer), played by Jack Payne and his B.B.C. Dance Orchestra with vocal duet. "La Campanella" (Liszt); pianoforte solo by William Murdock, two parts, one record. "The Policeman's Holiday" (M. Ewing) and "The Whistler and His Dog" (Pryor); organ solos by Terance Casey (Wurlitzer Organ). "Until" (Tescheimacher and Sanderson) and "For You Alone" (O'Reilly and Geehl), Aroldo Lindi, tenor, with piano. "Drinking" (Traditional), Malcolm McEachern, bass, with piano. "I am a Friar of Orders Grey" (Reeve), Malcolm McEachern, bass, with piano. "He Must Reign" (Ackley and Miles), William MacEwan, tenor, with violin, organ, and chimes. "March On" (Hall and Yale), William MacEwan, tenor, with violin, organ, and chimes. "Integer Vitæ" (Pusey and Fleming: compiled by Sir Walford Davies). In English. Three Valleys Male Voice Choir. Unaccompanied. "Llanfair"—(2nd and 3rd Verses) (Rees and Gymreig: compiled by Sir Walford Davies). In Welsh. Three Valleys Male Voice Choir, unaccompanied.

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

With reference to the appeal made by the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship for £10,000 which is needed to complete the purchase of Esher Place, Esher, and to adapt the house for its new use as a Home for 170 girls, contributions are still urgently needed, and the Committee make a special appeal to readers of THE SPHERE to help them in this great work by sending donations, large or small. All gifts will be gratefully received by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2.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# "Neither Man nor Woman is to blame"

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Now a young man of modest earned income is less comfortable personally with any kind of wife.

When Greybeard preaches, he forgets, or has never seen, that times have changed. Greybeard was forlorn, lost, if his socks were not darned, his meals ordered, his clothes valeted by a dutiful wife if he could not afford other house service. The modern youth wants, and needs, literally nothing of this. The modern laundry darns his socks and puts his buttons on. There is a Valet Service round the corner of his street. Moreover, his Sundays are not lonely without a wife to walk to church with him in the mornings, and to pour out tea for relations in the afternoons. He has a motor cycle or a two-seater; and lovely girls will ride behind, or beside him; and after the day, and whatever it has promised and given, is over—good-bye till next time! He has all he wants in fact in the way of practical comforts, and also Young Romance, without a wife. Also, in these days of freedom and extreme mobility, he would call himself a fool if he went without *anything*.

And spiritually?

Why, I say that spiritually men are far from women to-day, and will fly farther. It is not woman's fault; it is only that man has made himself wings. And if woman encroaches too boldly or too far, she sees his hostility flare.

*In November, 1918, the world was reborn.*

If then, a man does not need a wife for practical comfortable purposes such as his grandfather undoubtedly did, and if he will not let her fly to follow him into his skies, what does he want her for?

*In the march of civilisation, will family love and physical love become forgotten qualities?*

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"MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN" by MAY EDGINTON

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